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NATIONAL REVIEW

Niceguyin' His Way to the White House

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Brian Crozier on the XXV Congress–Bad News

Anthony Harrigan on South Africa–Why Should We Care?

Also In This Issue:

JEFFREY HART
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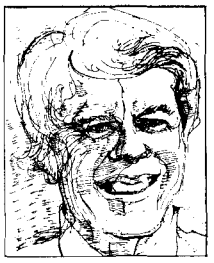

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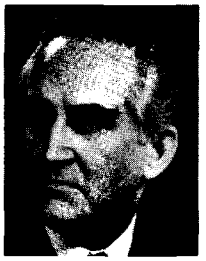

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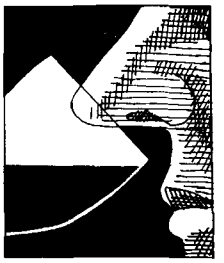

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Letters

Money and the Media

Victor Gold ["Echoes of . . . Shh . . . (Spiro)," April 30] makes a solid case for a demi-contradiction of Shakespeare: the good Mr. Agnew did has to some extent lived on after him, though his evil reputation has most certainly not been interred with his political bones.

Of course, economics undoubtedly plays a large part in the media's new fairness. Mr. George Gallup and others report a marked shift in the country to the conservative side of the political spectrum: it may not be chic to publish Milton Friedman, but it has become profitable. Nonetheless, it was Mr. Agnew who focused the conservatives' attention on the media in the first place, so that they could exert their economic power.

Incidentally, regarding Mr. Agnew's brush with the law: he was a relatively poor man (relative to the Georgetown/Washington jet set). He wanted money and went chasing after it in illegal ways. President Kennedy, on the other hand, had all the dollars he wanted but not, apparently, all the women he wanted. So *he* went chasing after *them* in ways that are at least immoral and probably, depending on what jurisdiction he committed adultery in, illegal as well.

Chicago, Ill. THOMAS GRANTLY

And the Sea Rises Higher

I was delighted to see, in your April 2 issue, the article "Canada's Trudeaumania" by F. S. Manor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. In fact, I make the following statement, flat-out, and give you one hour from the time you have finished reading it to find a documentable refutation: The most intelligent editorial page on any daily newspaper in North America, particularly in the field of foreign affairs, is that of the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

The author of some of their best recent dissenting opinions (dissenting, that is, from what passes for conventional wisdom) is Fred Manor, one of the last of that endangered species: the well-educated, well-read editorialist who believes that plain, simple capitalist democracy is still the best form of government, while all other forms of government are not merely worse but the *worst*.

The *Winnipeg Free Press* is a lone voice in western Canada—for that matter, with the exception of the *Toronto Sun*, in all Canada. Day after day, its editorials, without guilt or shame, support freedom against totalitarianism, never seeking to "understand" totalitarian villainy or to accept the startling revelations about American business, politics, and intelligence as conclusive reasons for the extirpation of democracy.

I write you this letter for no other reason than that I had to tell somebody, as the water begins to rise on the deck and lap about our feet, that somewhere there is another voice like *NR* offering hope.

Boston, Mass. ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Back to the Jury Room

The "consummate jury trial" of the Thirties ["The Week," April 16] was of course Bruno Richard Hauptmann's, in 1935. The Loeb-Leopold trial goes back to 1924.

New Rochelle, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

Entertaining, as I do, a well-founded opinion of your magazine's accuracy, I am somewhat perplexed by the sloppy research done by Mr. Irving Stone in his book *Clarence Darrow for the Defense*. With reference to the Loeb-Leopold trial, he said, on page 400, "No, even he [Darrow] could not risk a jury trial . . ." He also stated, on page 405, "On July 21, 1924, Darrow astounded the state's attorney and the country by pleading his boys guilty." On page 417, he said: "Two weeks went by while Judge Caverly studied the testimony and prepared his decision."

Your editorial "An American Myth" lists the Loeb-Leopold trial as a jury trial, along with that of Patty Hearst and several others. My respect for NATIONAL REVIEW knows no bounds, but I am sorely disappointed with Mr. Stone.

Memphis, Tenn. ROBERT E. JOYNER

Old Politics and New

After concluding ["Slipping Landslide," April 2] that Reagan, by avoiding a fight

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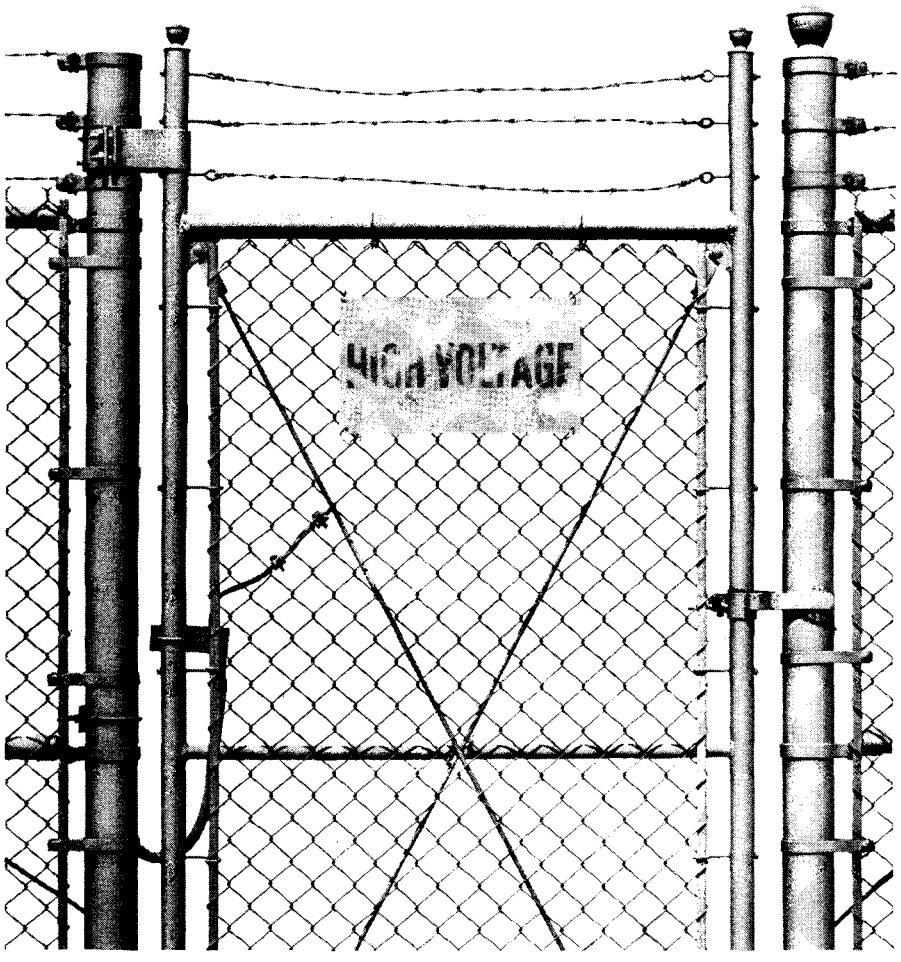

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on the issues, "was as much a victim of his own strategy as he was of Ford's attacks on him," John Coyne says ["Illinois: Endings and Beginnings," April 16] that "Reagan's campaign was a good one, possibly the best he could have run," and that his reasons for failure were that his approach and his ideas are now suddenly obsolete. Carter, on the other hand, is supposed to represent the "new" image—yet Carter has copied Reagan by referring to detente as a "one-way street" and by allying himself with the anti-Establishment, anti-big-government position Reagan has espoused for a long time. For some reason, Coyne feels that Carter is more anti-Establishment than Reagan. Why? Because Reagan was governor longer than Carter?

Mr. Coyne then suggests that the "new emphasis" in politics "seems to be on the personal, the emotional—something that Reagan isn't equipped to deal with," which I suppose Jimmy Carter is equipped to deal with because he says, "God love you." Well, if Coyne is proud of an American electorate that can vote on "the personal, the emotional," with no regard for issues, and can further label Reagan as "anachronistic," then he must fall into that regrettable segment of the voting public that equates winning with being right.

The writing off of Reagan by his own people after four narrow losses will surely help him keep losing. But of course it's hard to risk siding with an "anachronism."

Brookline, Mass. MARGARET A. BENGS

For Mr. Coyne's explanation of what it is that is new about Jimmy Carter, see "Niceguyin' His Way to the White House?" (p. 501). —LB

Where the Money Is

Colin Clark's rendering of *ubi pecunia, ibi patria* ["A Warped Catholic View," April 2] loses the wonderful economy of the Latin. Why not "Home is where the money is," as put immortally by the master criminal of *The Asphalt Jungle*?

Long Beach, Calif. JACK STUART

Down the Tunnel

I have just received my first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, and I enjoy it immensely. However, parts of Timothy Leary's article ["TV and the Outlaw Industry: How Our Paranoias are Hyped for Fame and Profit," April 16] I disagreed with strongly. As a high school student, I feel it is unjust for Mr. Leary to generalize in the way he did about American youth. He makes one believe every person under the age of twenty is on drugs, buys records by the score, and watches television all day.

Although I must admit that some people *do* fit this pattern, I also must contend that most of the American youth do *not.* In the 1960s, Mr. Leary probably would have been correct. More young Americans were, at that time, on drugs. However, I would like to remind Mr. Leary that we

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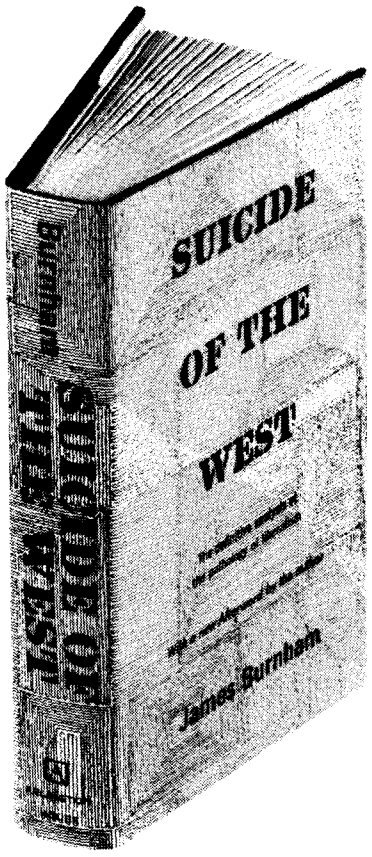

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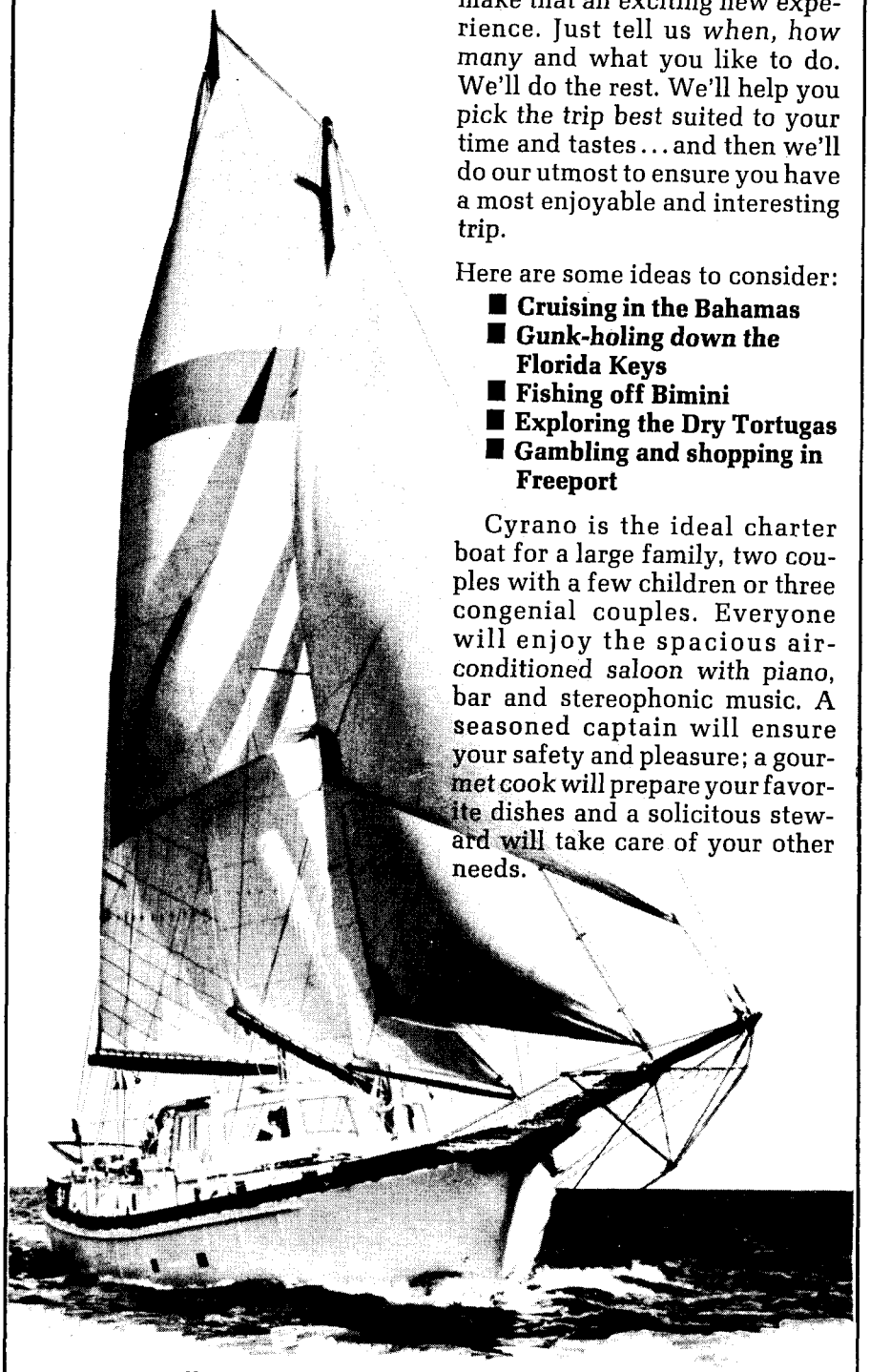

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are in the Seventies, and that this is no longer the case.

Kansas City, Mo. ROBERT L. BUCKNER

Open letter to Tim Leary:

Just the other night I watched "the Chief" smother McMurphy in wide-screen technicolor. It was really a shame. After all, he only wanted to teach all the cuckoos to fly . . . It made me think of you and Ken and how madness sometimes gets mistaken for enlightenment.

It was good to see you turn the gun on the "symbol outlaw" game and explode the Zimmerman mystique (coming from you it will probably help a few people), but I would have been more impressed if you hadn't done such a good job of air-brushing Tim Leary out of the picture.

I myself have donned top-hat and gloves more than once to lead Alice down the tunnel, and it really hurts me, years later, to see her pointing pistols at Presidents. We could have known that being illegal would do that to the "Trip."

Yes, I know that you meant well at the time, and that you have moved on, and that "stoned" and "high" are quite different, but still I think it would have been more honest not to blame "Squeaky" *all* on Bob.

But anyway, don't retire, Tim, you haven't started yet.

Plainfield, N.J. PETER B. JAMES

Of special interest in your April 16 issue were Timothy Leary's acute insights concerning "the plastic protest songs to a barbiturate beat" of the favorite counter-cultural outlaw, Bob Dylan. While it may be extreme to ask, as Leary does, where Dylan was in some of the key turbulences of the Sixties (Selma, Chicago, Woodstock, etc.), there are certainly other similar questions Mr. Dylan should be asked.

Clearly, the first concerns the consistency between Mr. Dylan's socio-moral prescriptions and his visible behavior. How seriously are we to consider the insights of a man who spouts anti-Establishment protest and, at the same time, displays the very capitalistic tendencies he anathematizes? Now that we demand information regarding the financial status of our public servants, is it not as fair to subject our public prophets to the same scrutiny?

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Do you think the recession is over?

The same economists who got caught with their pants down by the 1974-75 recession are now forecasting a glorious 1976. But the recession turnaround is also signalling something else: the imminent return of savage, triple-digit inflation.

Yes, *triple*-digit inflation. Yes, *here* in the United States. Yes, during the 1970's!

No doubt about it. The single greatest threat to your living standard is runaway inflation. And nothing the President, Congress, or the Federal Reserve can do will prevent it, without bringing on a severe depression. The course is set and it's now irreversible!

Professor Hans F. Sennholz is one of many economic authorities who agrees. On the front page of the *Wall Street Journal*, he was quoted as predicting:

". . . the purchasing power of the dollar must fall at even faster rates . . . Two-digit inflation comes to an end with the advent of *three-digit inflation.*"

THE WORLD-WIDE INFLATION DILEMMA

To whose who understand world events, the coming hyperinflationary crisis is clearly visible. Consider the evidence all around us:

- In Argentina, the cost of living rose *335 percent* in in 1975. (An interior decorator in Buenos Aires found it cheaper to paper walls with hundred-peso notes than with wallpaper!)
- In Chile, consumer prices rose *400 percent* in 1975. Life is marked with shortages, black marketeering, food lines, and civil disorder.
- In Great Britain last year, the inflation rate was 21 percent. In Italy, 17 percent. In Japan, 12 percent. These astonishing rates at a time when world inflation was supposedly receding. This year or next, these rates could double, maybe triple.

There is nothing new about hyper-inflation. Since World War I alone, some *sixteen* countries have suffered annual inflation rates over twenty percent.

In Hungary, the 1945-46 inflation saw prices increase an average of *19,800 percent per month.* Worthless paper money was burned for heat!

But history's grimmest example of runaway inflation occurred in Germany. It wiped out the middle class and fostered Hitler's rise to power. Between August 1922 and November 1923, wholesale prices rose over *seven trillion percent!* In April 1923, a newspaper cost 200 marks. By July, 2,000 marks. By November, eight *billion* marks.

RUNAWAY INFLATION IN AMERICA?

But, you may be asking, could such inflation happen here? The answer is: it *has* happened here!

During the Civil War, prices in the South rose an average of ten percent per month for 31 consecutive months. Even in the North, inflation reached high double-digit levels.

After the Civil War, a gold-backed dollar enjoyed a period of stability. But with the coming of the "New Deal," the dollar was cut loose from gold. Private ownership of gold was outlawed. And politicians were free from the discipline that gold imposed.

As a result, the 1933 dollar is today worth just 23 cents. And it's still falling! In just four decades, consumer prices rose by an astonishing *344 percent!* In the last two years, the price of *Time* and *Newsweek* increased by 50 percent. Coca-Cola by 100 percent. A shoeshine by 80 percent. A McDonald's cheeseburger by 35 percent. Cigarettes by 32 percent. Clearly, this is inflation running out of control.

And worse inflation—*much* worse—could strike before the year is out. The frightful deficits now being piled up by this wild-spending Congress plus forty years of grossly mismanaged fiscal and monetary policies have brought this country to the brink of an economic nightmare.

Living costs are ready to explode. Shocking *shortages* will follow. The gasoline and food shortages of 1974 were just a hint of what's in store. Bankruptcies by the thousands. Banks collapsing by the hundreds. State and municipal governments will follow New York into bankruptcy. In some areas, *violence, food riots,* and *physical danger.*

Exchange controls will prevent you from sending your money abroad. The government may again outlaw private ownership of gold. Travel abroad will be restricted. Wage and price controls will be imposed.

Unemployment and *food lines* will be in store for most Americans. People living on fixed incomes will be wiped out. Social security benefits, savings, pensions and insurance policies will become worthless.

YOUR OWN INFLATION-SURVIVAL INSURANCE PLAN

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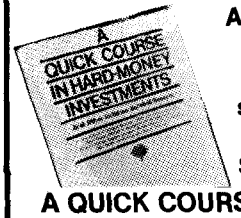

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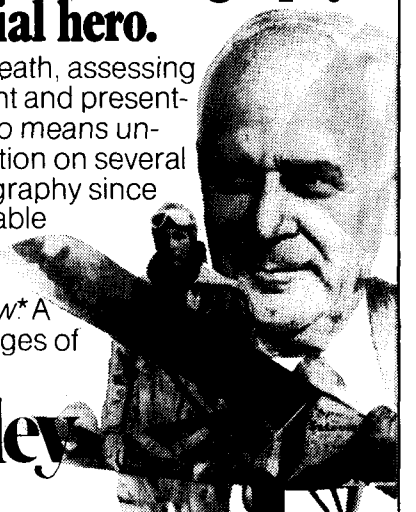

Leonard Mosley

Lindbergh

A Biography

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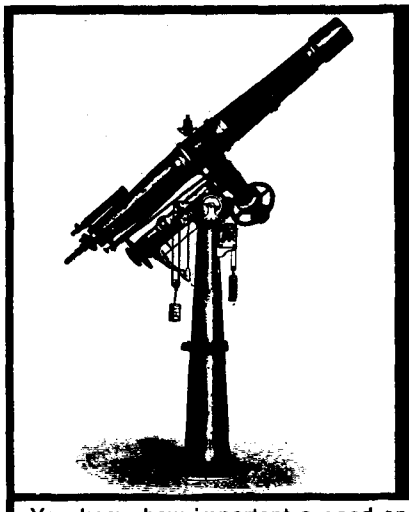

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And, equally important, is it not fair to expect some altruistic behavior from those who moralize against social injustice and economic inequity?

Those still dripping with Dylan-drunkenness defend the outlaw by pointing to his recent fundraising efforts for Hurricane Carter as altruism par excellence. How about contributing some of that cash to the *hungry*, Bob? How about the seedy, the unclothed, the dirty, and the sick—those who cannot afford an $8.50 ticket to hear the Monied Messiah in concert and who hear those prescriptions for social and moral reform as merely academic if not hypocritical?

Compton, Md. RICHARD B. MILLER

Criminals and Their Victims

Little needs to be added to Robert H. Bork's perceptive review [April 16] of Ernest van den Haag's excellent book *Punishing Criminals*. But I would like to elaborate on Mr. Bork's brief reference to the "social injustice" of crime. The primary function of prison is to protect the innocent, not to punish the criminal for his sins. The innocent are protected as long as the criminal is detained. They are protected to a lesser extent by any deterrence or rehabilitation that may result from incarceration.

Chevy Chase, Md. ERNEST W. LEFEVER

Kissinger's Gloom

I've paid a lot of attention to Kissinger, starting with his "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy" in the 1950s. At that time he was almost the only writer who really faced up to "atomic stalemate" and had realistic proposals. He did not have the tragic view then ["Kissinger's View of History," April 2].

But he has since watched America respond to crisis and danger—and I'm not surprised he has a tragic view.

Vietnam, you'll remember, started right after a long series of atom-rattling Berlin crises, culminating in the Cuban missile crisis. I hope you also remember Stewart Alsop's description of the agonizing debate occasioned by the last, in our highest strategic council. There's little doubt that Vietnam was the U.S. Government's attempt to implement Kissinger's proposal of "limited war." It was a failure, *because of our characteristic democratic information-processing whenever sacrifices are asked of the ordinary citizen.*

Kissinger knows that this story has been repeated, more or less, in every category of national defense including strictly non-military foreign policy, for the same reason.

Kissinger knows the public will always buy the argument favoring immediate comfort and minimal sacrifice in the present. And he knows the U.S. Government is helpless once the public buys this argument.

Long Beach, Calif. ALFRED B. MASON MD

(Continues on page 483)

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by Ted Nicholas

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Find out why lawyers charge huge fees for incorporating services even when often times they prefer not to. There is a fallacy in that most people feel it is necessary to have a lawyer to incorporate.

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Lawyer—"Fantastic! Do you want a partner?"
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Business Owner—"I was quoted a price of $1,000 each for 3 corporations I want to Form! This report saves me almost $3,000!"
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FOR THE RECORD

■ It's looking good for **Jimmy Carter** and **Ronald Reagan** in Texas. . . . Latest **Patrick Caddell** poll shows Carter leading favorite-son candidate Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** handily in Texas, 38 per cent to 20, with **George Wallace** trailing badly. . . . The latest White House private polls show Reagan only 4 points ahead of **Ford** among Republican voters in Texas, but there are indications that thousands of disgruntled Wallace Democrats will jump party lines to vote for Reagan. . . . Reagan could be major beneficiary of growing hostility toward Jimmy Carter in the Wallace camp. Wallace campaign director **Charles Snider** calls Carter "a new breed of **George McGovern**" and says that Wallace will "under no circumstances" throw his delegates to Carter at the New York Convention. . . . Carter suffered one important setback as result of his "ethnic purity" statement. The scheduled endorsement by United Auto Worker President **Leonard Woodcock**, which was to have been made well ahead of the Michigan primary (May 18), is stalled. . . . But Carter has gained ground with the business community. He is, says *Business Week*, the favorite candidate of Wall Street. An analysis of the economic programs of the three leading Democratic contenders (Carter, **Jackson**, **Udall**) by *Washington Post* economic columnist **Hobart Rowan** may indicate why. Rowan says Carter's programs differ from the others in three ways: 1) Carter would push for growth primarily through the private sector; 2) he would be more cautious of federal spending; 3) he would preserve rather than attack the independence of the Federal Reserve System. . . . George McGovern, who addressed a Udall rally and has signed fundraising letters for practically every Democratic contender except Carter and Wallace, has now joined the ABC crowd (Anyone but Carter) with a tepid-ish endorsement of **Humphrey**.

Breeze, *Punch* Rothco

"I'm looking forward to being independent and having an airline, a Hilton, and a nuclear reactor."

■ **Morris Dees**, Carter's finance chairman, has come out and said it. He thinks Humphrey is behind the congressional delay in reconstituting the **Federal Election Commission** through which federal monies are dispensed to the presidential candidates (see: "The Week"). "Humphrey and the rest of them know that if we had the money [the quarter of a million dollars Carter says he is due] we'd pour it into Pennsylvania." . . . In California, another major liberal moneyman, **Max Palevsky**, may mount an independent campaign for Carter to test this spring's Supreme Court ruling which seemed to okay such spending provided there is no collusion with the official campaign organization. . . . **Lew Wasserman**, of MCA, another frustrated dispenser of goodies to left-wing causes, says the campaign spending law that puts a $1,000 ceiling on individual donations to individual campaigns is hurting in ways not intended. A donor, says Wasserman, says to himself that if Max Palevsky (who gave McGovern $337,000 in '72) is giving only $1,000 this year then I, the donor, will give only $250. . . . For the record, before the **FEC funds** were cut off it had dispensed about $12.5 million in matching funds to the candidates with Wallace getting the largest slice ($2.7 million), followed by Ford ($1.9 million), Reagan ($1.6 million), Jackson ($1.5 million), on down the line.

■ The **American Conservative Union**, under the energetic direction of **Jim Roberts**, has brought forth a new award, "The Ostrich Award" for senators and congressmen who "take a head-in-the-sand approach to questions of national defense." Three awardees in the Senate: **William Proxmire**, **Edmund Muskie**, and Hubert Horatio Humphrey. . . . Former Defense Secretary **Melvin Laird** struck a blow for the CIA in recent *Reader's Digest* article pointing out that a number of Americans would now be dead in bomb attacks had the CIA not successfully infiltrated left-wing terrorist groups and shortcircuited the bomb plots. . . . And Sen. **Charles Mathias** (R., Md.) has come to the defense of individuals with a Bill of Rights Procedure Act designed to protect citizens from government snooping. He urges people to refuse to supply any routinely requested unnecessary information.

■ Notes on **government spending**: The Senate and House have passed a $125-million bill to give the states the funds necessary to comply with new federal standards on **day care centers**; the Agriculture Department estimates it will have to put 1,200 new federal investigators on the rolls if legislation banning **cock** and **dog fights**, now in the works, is passed.

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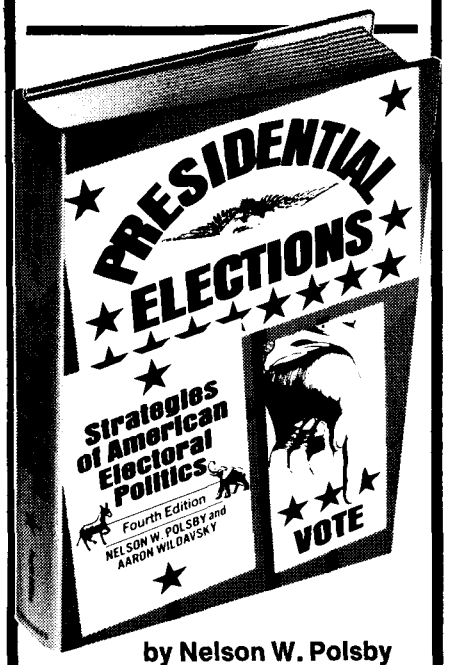

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

LETTERS

(Continued from page 480)

Where Is the Fuel?

Your comments on Proposition 15 ["The Week," April 16] are as far off target as Proposition 15 itself. The safety issue and the degree of risk that is or is not acceptable are moot. Why?

The record shows that the number of kilowatt hours that a light water reactor will produce from a ton of yellowcake has been overestimated by almost a factor of 2 (publications of the Energy Research and Development Administration show a power production rate of 32 million kWh/ton of yellowcake, whereas operating records indicate that the steady-state power output will be about 18 million kWh/t).

Our reserves of uranium oxide (600,000 tons) are well known. Divide the known reserves by the thirty-year lifetime requirements of the present and scheduled plants and you find we can probably fuel an installed capacity of 55,000 megawatts, nuclear. This capacity will be reached by the end of 1976 (1977 at the latest). Thus, whatever nuclear option there ever was is now behind us.

The program should be terminated before we waste $150 billion on power plants that will stand idle for lack of fuel.

Hans Adler of the ERDA, in a seminar on the uranium industry, put it this way: "One can . . . make some interesting observations regarding geological prospects for meeting domestic uranium needs from sandstone-type ores. In order to provide for our domestic uranium requirements to the year 2000 . . . an additional nine provinces equal in magnitude to the Colorado Plateau, which constitutes about 72 per cent of past production, [will be needed] . . . or as alternative we will have to be nine times more successful in exploration in the producing regions than we have in the past 25 years."

F. Q. Barnes, a geologist, says (*Mining Congress Journal*, February 1976): "U.S. uranium demand relative to productive capability indicates a shortfall in supply by 1978. . . . The prospects for additional discovery of reserves . . . are bleak. . . . [In Canada] it is now federal policy that . . . producers set aside ore for a thirty-year forward reserve for those reactors now operating and building. If the U.S. implemented such a policy, it would require about 775,000 tons of U_3O_8 in reserves for the 114,000 MW already built or under construction."

Of course, Mr. Barnes is using the now discredited duty factor of 32 million kWh/t. Had he used the proper duty factor he would have concluded that much of the projected nuclear capacity should be redesigned for coal.

This is not a Left-Right argument. It is, simply: Are we going to have power or aren't we? If we build nuclear plants we won't—the fuel is not there.

Baton Rouge, La. RAPHAEL G. KAZMANN

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— *PUBLISHERS WEEKLY*

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THE WEEK

■ He would hire gays for the police force, says San Francisco Police Chief Charles Gain. In fact, there are twenty of them on the force now, and they should "come out of the closet" because they would "have the full support of the police." The San Francisco force, says Chief Gain, should reflect the makeup of the community, including its homosexual population. Well, maybe so. But "reflecting the makeup of the community" constitutes a totally inclusive principle. What about crooks, maniacs, morons, the senile, the bedridden, and infants? Chief Gain has proclaimed the ultimate non-discriminatory principle, but he has a ways to go in living up to it.

■ Caught by the virtual bankruptcy of New York City, the City University of New York finally chose—after seven weeks of debate during which students rioted and the city threatened to shut down the University altogether—to end open admissions. Under the five-year-old open admissions program, CUNY had achieved a record drop-out rate—40 per cent of its provisional students couldn't pass a single remedial course. The debate was spirited. The chancellor first proposed that applicants to community colleges (who must be high school graduates) be required to pass an eighth-grade reading test. Furor! So he suggested a high school average of 70—or graduation in the top three-quarters of the class. Those who cannot pass those stringent requirements must enter a one-year remedial "transition program."

■ The *New York Times*' premier foreign correspondent, C. L. Sulzberger, reports that West Germany, France, and Britain, in cooperation with Austria, the Netherlands, and Spain, have established what amounts to an unofficial anti-terrorist league. Their intelligence and security services, in close liaison, are cooperating in a toughening drive against both the activists and the instigators of political violence and terrorism. The United States has not been invited to join the league: the West Europeans are convinced that the ability of both the CIA and the FBI to act swiftly, effectively, and discreetly has been wrecked, at least for the time being, by the paralyzing effect of the past year's campaign of exposure and denunciation. Sulzberger states that the European security experts trace the origin and successful conduct of the wrecking campaign "in large part to the KGB's department of disinformation." Sulzberger's dispatch was preceded by an address to a Harvard Business School dinner meeting delivered two days earlier by CIA Director George Bush. Bush, discussing "the deterioration of America's intelligence-gathering capability," mentioned that "some foreign intelligence-gathering agencies" with which the CIA had been collaborating were "holding back" and that some undercover agents were dropping out "as a result of recent exposures."

■ In the Spirit of Helsinki, the East German Peace Council and East Germany's Paul Robeson Committee have welcomed Robert Meeropol, his lawyer, and Morton Sobell to their people's paradise. Meeropol has been campaigning to get reopened the case of his parents, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who were executed in 1953 for passing atomic secrets to the Soviet Union; Sobell was found guilty as their accomplice and is currently on parole from his prison sentence, protesting the great wrong that he claims was done him and the Rosenbergs. Presumably both men are finding the hearing they are getting on the nether side of the Iron Curtain more sympathetic than the one they got in the courtrooms at home.

■ While world opinion concentrates on the iniquities of Ian Smith's white government in Rhodesia, in neighboring Mozambique the people are finding out that life in Samora Machel's People's Republic is harder than ever they imagined it could be. That is, the people who remain. Over 200,000 of them, white and black, have fled since the armies of Frelimo took over nine months ago, and the exodus continues. There are an estimated 3,000 persons in Machel's "re-education" camps, many of them former comrades in the liberation struggle, now deemed guilty of insufficient adulation of the Leader. Property has been nationalized; apartments and homes emptied of their occupants; tribesmen herded into communal farms. The Portuguese bureaucrats who ran the country have been driven out; there are shortages of everything. Tales of police brutality, torture, and harassment not only of whites but of Asians and mulattoes abound. It is reported that new liberation movements among the Macua and Makonde tribesmen who are hostile to Machel are being organized both inside and outside the country. Meanwhile, Machel himself, apparently in fear of his life, travels only by armed convoy and has removed his own headquarters to the safety of Inhaca island.

■ There is something to be said against dictatorship as a form of government, but you've got to admit it makes the conduct of foreign policy a lot simpler. Her Supreme Cowship, Indira Gandhi, without any prior leak or any preparation of public opinion, reversed Indian foreign

Tum-Tee-Tum

Thirty-four thousand tanks; three thousand planes;
Ships in profusion, as noted in *Jane's*.
Why are they massing while talking so nice?
Why wouldn't seven divisions suffice?
No one in Paris is pawing the ground;
No one in Bonn trumpets, "Leningrad-bound!"
In my experience, generals hum
When they're inspecting a ripening plum.

W. H. VON DREELE

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■ On second thought it's not such a bad idea that the Federal Government is buying electric erasers "in bulk" for $16.16 apiece.

■ The U.S. Senate has approved an "unliked" budget of $412,600,000,000 for next year. Four hundred twelve billion, six hundred million dollars. Four one two six zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero. $.4 x 10^{12}. A thousand million dollars a day, plus an extra thousand million for petty cash every Monday. Forty-seven million dollars an hour. $13,083 every second of every minute, every day, all year: a man's labor for a whole year, and more, gone with every tick of the clock. Forty million years of labor, a million lifetimes of toil. The members of Congress cannot conceivably comprehend such numbers, nor use the millionth part of such sums rationally, nor grasp the deadly consequences of their acts; all they can do is vote for more and giggle and drool.

■ The senators themselves don't like their budget, for wonderfully intelligent reasons. Conservatives don't like it because it contains a built-in deficit of $50 billion. Liberals don't like it because it contains too much for defense and too little over last year's $170 billion for bread and circuses. Human beings don't like it because it imposes a federal tax burden (state and local taxes, destination charges, and dealer prep extra) of about $8,000 per household, quite enough to ensure the health, education, welfare—and self-defense—of every American family, if they could just keep what they earn. So why is everybody down on politicians?

■ Know what you could do with $412 billion? You could buy seven electric erasers for every one of the earth's four billion people.

■ On going through the ceiling: The $65,000 emergency repairs to the ceiling at the National War College have finally been completed, at a cost of $1.9 million.

■ The Government Accounting Office, the congressional "watchdog" on federal spending, is giving away office furniture to its employees because the "present pieces just don't fit." "The new ones will be nicer looking," says a spokeswatchdog.

■ NATIONAL REVIEW cordially offers to purchase electric erasers for any and all members of Congress for application to current and past legislative programs.

policy in less than three days. Delhi announced that diplomatic relations with China, severed since 1962, would be restored, and that negotiations looking toward that same end would soon start with Pakistan, modern India's hitherto favorite military gobblee. Simultaneously, U.S. ambassador to India, William Saxbe, allowed that there were signs of warming in the long frigid U.S.-India relations. No one is quite sure what all this sweetness and light portends. On the happiest—and not impossible—interpretation, it could mean that Indira has become disillusioned by her long and ardent affair with Moscow, and is returning to more friendly relations with her Asian neighbors and her generous Western patron. There are notes of apprehension, though, from a few observers who think it just possible that, by kissing and making up with Moscow-leaning New Delhi, Peking means to send a signal to Moscow that the time has come for the two great Communist powers also to forgive and forget.

■ Portuguese voters are getting one break: their election campaign lasts only three weeks. But they must be thankful for small favors. The campaign has already provoked riots and fatal bombings, and, although the mood of the country has changed drastically since April 25, 1975, the constitution that was proposed then has not. The constituent assembly ratified it last week, largely because the Socialists—afraid of losing votes to their friends-turned-enemies, the Communists—didn't dare repudiate a document calling for the total socialization of the country. The Constitution calls for accelerated nationalization, even as the workers in many nationalized factories are begging the old owners to return.

■ In Downham Market, England, Father Oswald Baker has been dismissed from his parish for saying Mass in Latin. The problem with recent liturgical reform, he explains, is not that it is not Latin, but that it is not reform. The new liturgy is "softening the Mass" so as to depict Communion as "a man-centered convivial gathering—the meal aspect of the Eucharist," whereas the Tridentine Latin liturgy "emphasizes the sacrifice aspect—an act of worship directed to the honor of God." Father Baker has been saying Mass in Downham Market for 24 years, and refuses to stop—or leave. "In facing similar liturgical problems," comments *The Economist*, "the Anglican Church has wisely decided to let the 1662 prayer book and the wretched new services . . . peacefully coexist. It would be a sign of strength, not weakness, if the English Roman Catholic bishops could be as tolerant."

■ MOTHER LOVE DEPT.: From the London *Times*: "A record total of 7,363 people were saved last year in coastguard operations, Mr. John Douglas, the Chief Inspector of HM Coastguard, said yesterday. One hundred and ninety-nine other people died, compared with 237 the previous year. Mr. Douglas said it cost about £4,000 to rescue a small boy called Nelson from the sea. He was found drifting six miles off Pwllheli beach after an operation involving an RAF Nimrod, two helicopters, a

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lifeboat, land vehicles, and patrols. 'When he was handed over to his mother, she said: "Where have you been, you little bastard?" ' Mr. Douglas said."

Pennsylvania Form Sheet

The April 27 Pennsylvania primary could virtually clinch the Democratic nomination for Jimmy Carter. A solid victory there would enable him to enter a series of May primaries in an excellent tactical position, and under those circumstances resistance to his candidacy might be expected to crumble. In terms of delegate count, a Carter win in Pennsylvania translates, experts think, into a minimum of 1,100 first-ballot Carter votes of the 1,505 needed to nominate.

The anti-Carter coalition currently backing Senator Henry Jackson in the Pennsylvania primary understandably shows some signs of panic. The stop-Carter forces are expected to carry Philadelphia by a large margin. Mayor Rizzo and his many enemies have temporarily buried the hatchet in order to stop Carter, and the Philadelphia political machine remains effective. The statewide result will be determined by Carter's strength, impossible to assess accurately, in Pittsburgh and elsewhere in central and western Pennsylvania.

Carter has the endorsement of Pittsburgh's Mayor Pete Flaherty. Columnists Evans and Novak report that the mayor "was amazed to attend a meeting of Carter supporters in Erie and find not a soul he knew. Carter backers were insurance agents, small merchants, and other workers—all new to politics. Such newcomers forming the Carter cadre provide the only presidential campaign in many areas." In western Pennsylvania, "the regular organization is in such decay it is no use at all. Organized labor has been slow to mobilize. There is neither Jackson money nor Jackson volunteers. Public visibility of his campaign: zero."

Fixing the Campaign

The Senate and the House, after arguing for weeks over changes in the campaign financing law, finally settled all points of substance, only to depart for a ten-day Easter recess without passing the legislation. Congress returns the week of April 26. Even if it acts immediately, another couple of weeks will go by before President Ford signs the bill, appoints the FEC commissioners, Congress confirms them, and the federal funds finally begin to flow to the candidates. Meanwhile, the candidates will be struggling through an important series of May primaries, all of them—except the President—severely hampered by shortages of funds.

The obvious beneficiaries of Congress' dilatory approach to this legislation are President Ford and Hubert Humphrey. The President does not need money from the Treasury in order to generate publicity. Hubert Humphrey has no current campaign expenses. Humphrey, moreover, has a large interest in a stalemate among the other contenders, and the fund cutoff could very well facilitate just that result.

"Now it so happens," notes columnist David Broder, "that the candidate most congressional Republicans would like to see nominated is their old friend Jerry Ford. And the favorite of most congressional Democrats is their old pal Hubert. Anyone who believes that it's coincidence that Congress left the other candidates financially stranded is likely to be someone who is probably still waiting for the Easter bunny to deliver a brand-new canary-yellow convertible."

Though intended as a reform to purify the electoral process of corrupt influences, the campaign financing law thus opens up opportunities for new forms of manipulation. Indeed, as long as the public treasury remains the source of campaign funds it is not difficult to imagine other ways in which the funding could be manipulated by incumbents. When the 1976 election is over, the whole issue of campaign financing should be reopened. The best solution may be unlimited private financing of campaigns, provided full disclosure is made of campaign contributions and their sources.

Horse and Buggy Law

A scholarly commentator—let us refer to him for the moment as Mr. X—recently made the following remarks upon the takeover of South Boston High School by Federal Court Judge W. Arthur Garrity:

"Without legal foundation. . . . My studies indicate the framers of the 14th Amendment would be the last to call for mixed schools. . . . The Amendment guarantees no rights to white or black. All it does is say that if a right is granted a white man, the black man must also have the same right. . . . But if a white man was not specifically granted a right, the Amendment is silent." The Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the 14th Amendment "don't mesh when the thinking of the framers of the 1869 Amendment [is] taken into view from historical research. . . . The 14th Amendment has become a crystal ball for all sorts of rulings and when legal authority fails to provide a foundation for an opinion, the Supreme Court adopted the opinions of social scientists on school integration." The courts have "usurped powers never granted them and which the framers of the Constitution decided to withhold from the courts. . . . Just as in a contract or a will, the court must decide what the person wanted done or agreed to do, not what the judge thinks should be done. . . . The end does not justify the means. . . . Today a school house. Tomorrow? Who knows?" Americans should observe the Bicentennial by "grounding judges flying by the seat of their pants in the courtrooms." If they don't, they may be offering themselves up to "Caesarism."

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Who is this Mr. X, this paragon of judicial sagacity? If you guessed Roger Taney, you were led astray by your own erudition. He is none other than Mr. Raoul Berger, Charles Weaver Senior Fellow of American Legal History at the Harvard Law School and author of *Executive Privilege: A Constitutional Myth* and other learned tomes, whose strictures—disallowing President Nixon's claims to sovereignty over his tapes—made his word Law among the faithful.

One Man's Myths

Senator Edward Kennedy, writing in the annual report of the Joint Economic Committee, has valiantly attempted "to overcome the pervasive economic myths that undermine the people's confidence in the economy;" in the process he has (with the help of political economist Walter Heller) inadvertently introduced a few myths of his own.

"The first and most damaging misconception," says the Senator, "is the myth of the mushrooming Federal Government . . . The only valid comparison is the ratio of [federal] spending to GNP. And that proportion has remained almost precisely constant at about 20 per cent ever since the early 1950s." Actually, federal spending is a poor index of federal control, since it neglects the off-budget and regulatory agencies, and also neglects the role of matching grants and revenue sharing in fostering the explosion of state and local spending. But a comparison of current federal spending with the level of "the early 1950s"—i.e., the Korean War—is just dirty pool. Defense was more than half of the budget back then, and only a fourth now. Still, federal spending was 14 per cent of GNP in 1951, 17.1 per cent in 1956, 19.1 per cent in 1966, and 23.6 per cent in 1976. That may sound like "about 20 per cent." But federal spending in 1977 would be about $265 billion if it were still 14 per cent of GNP, rather than the $413 billion figure Congress is now shooting for.

"The second myth," according to Kennedy, "is the so-called crushing burden of federal debt. In 1950, when the country emerged from World War II, the federal debt was an incredible 82 per cent of the nation's GNP. In 1974, the level was a modest 26 per cent." But a U.S. savings bond, for example, is fixed in dollar terms, while GNP has been wildly bloated by inflation. Naturally, such bonds shrank in relation to GNP, which is just another way of saying that they were partly repudiated by inflation. Even so, federal debt rose from 35 to 38.5 per cent of GNP between 1974 and 1975, and the Senator's figures are simply wrong. The "crushing burden" is the taxes required to pay interest on the debt, a burden which is currently approaching $50 billion a year.

"A third and related myth is the myth of the dangerous deficit," says Senator Kennedy. "If Americans were back at work, the Treasury would be taking in $50 billion more in revenues. It would be paying out $15 billion less in unemployment compensation, and $5 billion less in related programs." Yes. And if you had some ham we could have a ham sandwich. If I had some bread. The deficit is not necessarily less dangerous because it rises from a recession which, in turn, was induced by previous deficits financed with the printing press. Selling more government securities to the public to finance the deficit still pulls lendable funds out of housing, and consumer and business loans. Selling the securities to the Federal Reserve still provides bank reserves for a multiplied expansion of the money supply. Neither the securities nor the money just disappears when the economy recovers; they remain instead either to displace private borrowing and spending, or to leave too much money chasing too few goods.

The solution to all of our troubles, according to the Senator, is something he calls "tax reform." "In 1973, over 3,000 people with adjusted gross incomes in excess of $50,000 paid no federal income tax at all. This privileged group represents the wealthiest one-half of one per cent of all families in the United States. Yet they paid not one dime in federal income tax. What do these data . . . mean to the average wage earner in real everyday terms? The data mean that average working families making $7,500 to $15,000 must pay higher taxes. . ." No, the data don't mean that at all. They mean that federal income taxes are not paid on adjusted gross income, but on taxable income—net income after perfectly legitimate deductions that neither Senator Kennedy nor other average working families would like to do without. These 3,000 people certainly don't constitute the wealthiest one-half of one per cent of all familes. That is terrible arithmetic. Besides, *all* studies show that high income families pay substantially higher tax rates than do lower income families. If the Federal Government took $25,000 apiece from each of these 3,000 people, that would raise a whopping $75 million. Is that enough to make a dent in the cost to average taxpayers of a $413-billion government? The government probably misplaces $75 million every minute or so.

Tax reform, in this context, apparently means increased rates for people who have a disconcerting tendency to vote Republican. Such reform could easily be counter-productive in terms of raising revenue—by discouraging the kinds of productive activity that are to be so heavily taxed (investment, accumulation of estates, developing skills that yield large incomes).

We certainly share the Senator's concern about economic myths, and are delighted to make this small contribution to clearing a few of them up.

Hubert at the Trough

With Representative Augustus Hawkins (D., Calif.), Senator Humphrey is pushing a full employment bill, and Humphrey-Hawkins is a whale of a bill. It combines the concept of national planning with the more politically appealing promise to guarantee a job to every "able

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The newest name on Gerald Ford's list of vice presidential possibilities is an old one—Nelson Rockefeller. "I would not rule out Mr. Rockefeller," says Rogers Morton, Ford's new campaign manager. "He has a tremendous constituency across the country." Part of the shift in attitude is the result of the Reagan challenge. Because Reagan intends to go down to the wire, many Ford advisors feel it's futile to continue to woo the hard Republican Right, whose votes will go to Reagan no matter what the campaign ploys or promises. But even more important are Rockefeller's 114 New York delegates. The assumption has been that those delegates would automatically switch to Ford at the Convention. But that assumption is no longer quite automatic. Reagan is expected to score impressively in the remaining 23 Southern and Western primaries, and the Ford camp is revising its estimated delegate count sharply downward, no longer denying out of hand, at least in private, that Reagan could block a first-ballot victory. No one conceives of a situation in which Rockefeller would throw his votes to Reagan. But it is conceivable that Rockefeller, who deeply resents his treatment by Ford and still believes himself the man best qualified to be President, might decide to hold his delegates and offer himself as the compromise candidate most likely to win the general election. Thus, as the Nixonians used to put it, the stroking of Rockefeller.

■ Ford's weakness on the issues is a source of growing concern among campaign aides. A case in point is the Panama Canal, an issue on which Reagan is scoring heavily in the South and Southwest, where voters believe that American withdrawal from Panama means Cuban control of the Canal. Attempting to catch up with the issue in Dallas, Ford said, "I can simply say—and say emphatically—that the United States will never give up its defense rights to the Panama Canal and will never give up its operational rights as far as Panama is concerned." But the problem is that Ellsworth Bunker, chief of the U.S. negotiating team, is in the process of doing precisely that. In secret testimony to Congress, Bunker stated that Ford's negotiating directives call for a treaty that would "give up the Canal Zone after a period of time." Is Ford lying? "Not at all," says a Capitol Hill Ford supporter with strong Administration ties. "Those 'negotiating directives' aren't Ford's. They come from State. Ford just didn't know what the fuss was all about until he read the newspapers."

■ The 12.7-million-member Southern Baptist Convention, America's largest Baptist body, has a problem: How do you disinvite a President? Months ago, the Baptists asked Gerald Ford to address their June meeting in Norfolk. But that was before the Jimmy Carter Phenomenon. One Baptist leader, who identifies himself as a registered Republican but "a Carter man," puts it this way: "We are in the embarrassing position of giving Ford this political platform in an election year, while one of the finest laymen Southern Baptists have ever produced is likely to be his opposition." "The religious vote is going to be a real problem," says a Ford supporter. "Ford's going to have to spend more time with his Bible."

■ BRIEFS: Jimmy Carter, everyone's new-breed politician, will meet one of his own kind head-on in Maryland (May 18), where California Governor Edmund Brown Jr. is expected to make his first all-out "evolutionary" campaign effort. Maryland sources say that Brown will spend $100,000 on political ads and is considering a week of intensive campaigning there. . . . Washington is buzzing with speculation about Hubert Humphrey's health, thanks primarily to a recent *Washington Post* feature which implied that his benign bladder tumors could have become malignant. Many Washingtonians believe that the timing of the *Post* article signals a shift in the liberal Establishment's attitude toward Carter. "They're dumping Hubert over the side," says a veteran newsman. "They figure it's time to learn to live with Carter." . . . The leading candidate this month for the Golden Fleece Award regularly presented by Senator William Proxmire for governmental waste and boondoggling is . . . Senator William Proxmire. Proxmire is under investigation by the Senate Rules Committee for boosting his wife's D.C. tour business. According to rival tour agencies, Proxmire has regularly reserved congressional reception rooms for customers of Ellen Proxmire's "Washington Whirl-Around" tour business, thus giving her an unethical advantage over competitors. . . . Newest D.C. bumper sticker: "Everybody Makes Mistakes: Agnew and Eagleton in '76."

—CATO

and willing" adult American. Within ninety to 180 days after passage of Humphrey-Hawkins, the President would be required to recommend to Congress, as part of his annual economic report, numerical goals for full employment, full production, and full purchasing power, as well as policies to reach these goals. Through his Council of Economic Advisors, the President would also be required to propose a long-range economic plan to achieve an unemployment rate of not over 3 per cent within four years. (Before some congressional pussycats revised the bill, it gave the President 18 months to reach 3 per cent unemployment.) The President would also have to determine to what extent fiscal policy could be used to achieve his full employment goal and at the same time develop policies to prevent a new round of inflation. Among other things, the President would be required to submit legislation to 1) establish a permanent countercyclical grant program to state and local governments to help them maintain services during recessions, 2) reduce unemployment in chronically depressed areas, 3) provide employment opportunities for youth, and 4) (our favorite) improve the efficiency and economy of the Federal Government.

Humphrey and Hawkins, wisely, are reluctant to estimate the price tag on their bill. Sar A. Levitan of the Center for Social Policy Studies at George Washington University, however, says the bill would require an annual growth in the GNP of 7.5 per cent. "This nation," said Levitan, "has never achieved such a sustained high growth and there is nothing in this bill that would justify

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optimism that the goal can be achieved by 1980." It is doubtful that even Humphrey expects the bill to be enacted this year, if ever. At least two congressional committees plan hearings on it. If it does emerge from Congress and land on the President's desk, a veto awaits it.

But Humphrey won't be hurt by a veto. The bill is more a sign of his ideological purity than a serious answer to unemployment. Herbert Stein has written that the bill "is to unemployment what the WIN button was to inflation." Humphrey could not care less what economists think of his bill, since it already has the support of labor leaders, feminists, blacks, Common Cause, educators—everybody, that is, who might fit into a Humphrey electoral coalition. In the words of candidate Humphrey, Humphrey-Hawkins is "a piece of legislation around which candidates can base their campaigns."

Company! Eyes . . . Shut!

In *NR*'s April 16 issue, James Burnham summarized a study made by a NATO officer on the feasibility of a surprise attack against Western Europe. This study—the existence of which was made public in the March 15 issue of the London *Times*—concluded that the Warsaw Pact forces, using only conventional (non-nuclear) weapons, are capable of delivering a successful surprise attack against Western Europe. NATO's defense, based on a "forward strategy" and a "flexible response," could not prevent an attack by Soviet units (probably supported by East German units) from reaching the Rhine within 48 hours. The speed of the Soviet advance would make the use of tactical nuclear weapons impossible, since they would kill millions of West German civilians in trying to kill thousands of Russians. The West would be left with the sole option of using strategic nuclear weapons, which would be ruled out in practice since the automatic response would include destruction of New York, London, and other Western cities.

For whatever reason, this sufficiently startling analysis has not been noticed elsewhere in the U.S. media. In Western Europe, however, the *Times* report has evoked an intense and continuing discussion. It has been disclosed that the author of the study is Brigadier General Robert Close of the Belgian army, currently deputy director of the NATO defense college in Rome. Close, interviewed by the Brussels newspaper, *Le Soir*, repeated and defended his estimate.

The most painful implications of Close's thesis are, obviously, for West Germany, and George Leber, the West German Defense Minister, promptly called on NATO to fire General Close—"presumably," Lord Chalfont (the *Times*' military commentator) remarked, "on the ancient Oriental principle of beheading the bringer of bad news."

Answering a number of published objections to the Close thesis, General Sir Walter Walker, former NATO Commander-in-Chief of "Allied Forces Northern Europe"—i.e., the forces that would be involved in the hypothetical Soviet attack—defended and amplified Close's analysis. "Deployed on the ground this very moment are vastly superior Warsaw Pact ground and air forces which are immediately available and immediately usable in key areas. . . . With their 'meat-grinder' tactics they will crunch their way forward, regardless of casualties, at a speed of seventy miles a day, supported in depth by airborne troops, armed helicopters, air attack, amphibious attack on the flanks, and chemical attack. The speed, devastating power, and velocity of the Soviet onslaught will be such that NATO will not be able to resort to the use of their tactical nuclear weapons for the simple reason that there will not be sufficient time for the necessary political decisions to be taken. In any case, the missile sites will already have been overrun. . ."

An official NATO spokesman declared, in the classical phrases of spokesmen, that the report "had been written by a military officer employed in a NATO agency outside NATO headquarters, for purely private purposes. . . . It had no official status whatever." Spokesman declared firmly that NATO strategy "had been consistently and unanimously endorsed" by the member governments and that they had "full confidence in it." Spokesman did not

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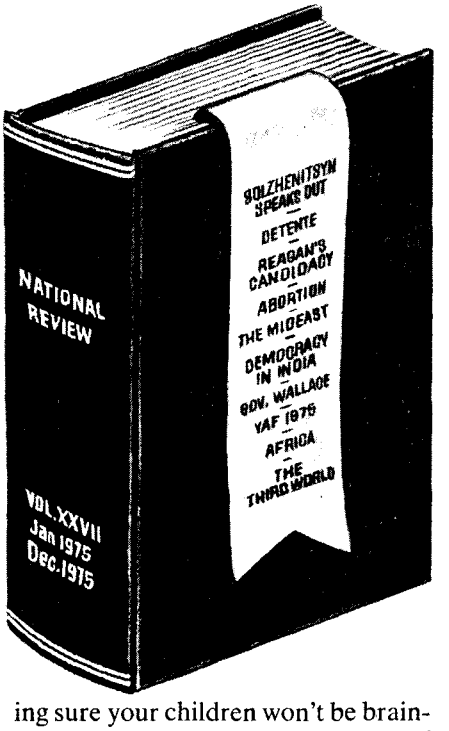

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add any comment on whether that confidence was justified or whether the unanimously endorsed strategy could in truth stand up under the Close critique.

Dr. Christopher Bertram (of the International Institute of Strategic Studies) dismissed the Close study as an outmoded document "six years old"—which makes it a remarkable space-time breakthrough, since it contains numerous direct quotations from Pentagon and other military documents ranging in date through February 1975. Dr. Bertram also used what Lord Chalfont, on Close's behalf, describes as "that most tired and ancient of all the clichés in the vocabulary of the defense community—the one about the Russians not being 'ten feet tall.'" Lord Chalfont continues: "It is an interesting choice of image, since it was first used about Hitler's Wehrmacht in the 1930s."

This huffing and puffing is not over a trifle. What is being debated by serious and informed persons in Europe is the question: Is NATO, under its present strategy, little more than a façade that would collapse at a hard push? NATO, it is prudent to recall, is the military alliance of which the United States is the leading member, and on which our own as well as Western Europe's survival depends. It would seem a topic deserving of active attention in this country, also—perhaps even by some of our presidential candidates, if they are not too busy with more important matters.

Helsinki Caper

Last week Georgy Ratiani, political commentator for *Pravda*, writing in the weekly *International Affairs Review*, denounced the United States for "numerous declarations on all levels and in confidential meetings that the U.S.A. will not permit the participation of Communists in the governments of Western countries. This attempt to stop the political and social development of Western Europe contradicts the elementary principles of non-interference in the affairs of other countries, solemnly enunciated in the Final Act signed at Helsinki and in other diplomatic documents."

After pausing for a moment to admire Ratiani's indignation as a vintage example of Communist chutzpah, let us also note that the logic of his appeal to the Helsinki protocol may throw an unexpected light on a question currently under active debate.

As Moscow interprets it, the Helsinki Accord ratified 1) the de facto postwar organization of Eastern Europe, including the Communist regimes, the Soviet hegemony, and the Brezhnev doctrine, and 2) the principle of no outside intervention in the domestic affairs of nations East or West. Thus Ratiani's criticism is justified, since Kissinger's remarks on the consequences of Communist entry into West European governments and the confidential communications of his envoys on that subject do constitute intervention.

But what about Soviet intervention in West European nations through the medium of their Communist Parties? Revelation now dawns: we now can see the reason for the sudden UDI declarations of those Communist Parties led by the two great mass parties, the French and the Italian. A formal appearance of de-Muscovization is required by the Helsinki Accord, in order to put Moscow in a formally correct posture from which to denounce and block possible U.S. efforts to deter Communist entry into the governments. The Marchais-Berlinguer declaration (on which James Burnham has written extensively in recent issues of *NR*) was followed by similar statements from the Spanish and British Communists and by "independence" speeches at the Moscow and Prague Communist Party conferences of the past two months, as well as by gestures like the absence of Spanish representatives from Prague, the sending of a junior delegate by the French party, and so on. Announcements of Communist independence in Belgian, Dutch, Swiss, Swedish, San Marinan, etc. accents will in all probability soon follow—perhaps, in some cases, have already been made though not yet noticed.

In short: the Ratiani denunciation suggests, on analysis, that the "French turn" to Communist independence from Moscow was choreographed and timed by, precisely, Moscow.

To Your Health

With a calculated lunge,
Jimmy Carter took the plunge:
To an audience of docs,
And, of course, the ballot box,
Carter smilingly discussed
Health insurance. (It's a *must*.)
No, he didn't know the cost;
No, this didn't leave him lost.
Will he be the nominee?
Not with any help from me.

W. H. VON DREELE

Robert Moss: Political Activist

In a recent issue, *NR* called attention to an important new book entitled *The Collapse of Democracy* by the young English writer and political theorist Robert Moss. Mr. Moss is now taking practical steps to try to ensure that democracy does not in fact collapse in Great Britain. He has established the National Association for Freedom (Suite 63, Kent House, 87 Regent Street, London W 1) and launched a fortnightly newspaper called *The Free Nation*.

The first number of *The Free Nation* includes an impressive statement of the goals of these twin enterprises. A few excerpts: "We believe that one of the main reasons why Britain is in danger of becoming an unfree, and

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down-at-the-heel, society is that the great majority of the British people has not been organized to make its voice heard. The National Association for Freedom has been founded to provide that organization. *The Free Nation* is being published to give it voice."

"The drift into left-wing Fascism . . . is being actively encouraged by leading figures in the Labor Party and the TUC. The latest sign is the proposal from the TUC to put non-elected trade union delegates onto local councils throughout Britain. This would be another step toward the Corporate State. . . ."

"There are four basic threats to freedom in Britain today. The *first* is the excessive power wielded by trade union militants. Britain is governed today in fear of political strikes. . . .

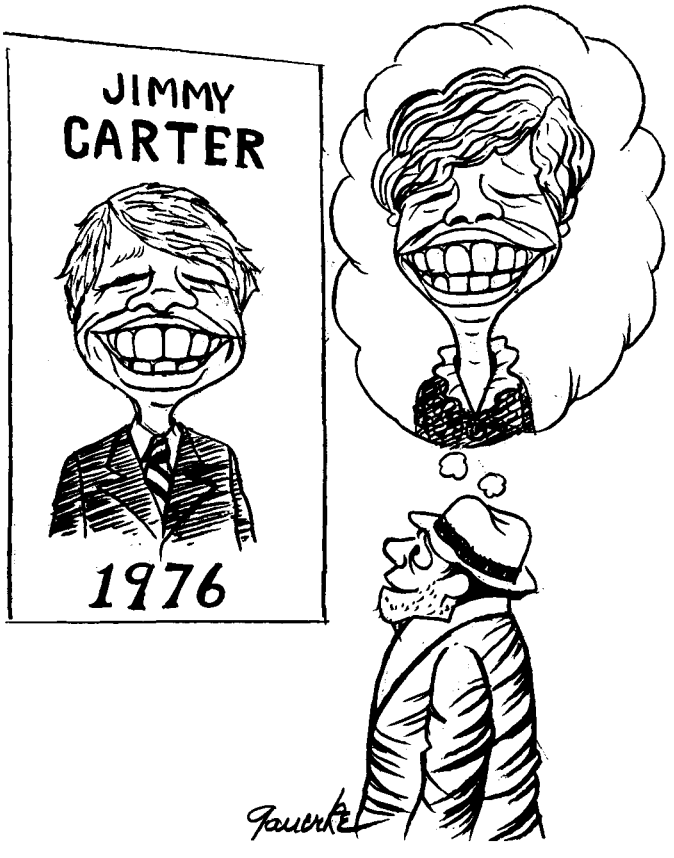
"The *second* source of our present troubles is that there are virtually no curbs on what the government can do on the basis of a transient majority of one in the House of Commons. . . .

"*Third*, we have lacked an effective and articulate defense of the values and traditions on which Britain's past greatness was built. . . .

"Finally, Mr. Wilson's government has turned its head away, like an ostrich, at the sight of the growing external threat to our national survival. . . . The number of British soldiers deployed on NATO's central front is less than the number of civilian employees in many county councils."

The NAFF proposes "to take legal action, where this is possible, to defend individual freedom. We are setting up an advice center for parents who are worried about falling standards or political subversion in schools. We are setting up regional branch structures all over the country to mount local campaigns and bring together like-minded groups, and apply the principles of 'Active Citizenship' that are set out in a handbook that will shortly be published. We are launching a program of major public meetings starting with one at Westminster Hall April 8 to publicize the threats to freedom in Britain and the course of action we need to develop."

NR will follow closely the unfolding career of Robert Moss as a political activist in the cause of freedom.



"Happy Days Are Here Again"

Laying Some Easter Eggs

According to the Easter sermon of the Right Reverend Paul Moore Jr., Episcopal Bishop of New York, businessmen who take their firms elsewhere are guilty of an immoral betrayal of the city. "Even though they may be clothed in economic considerations, most industries' decisions to leave the city are basically immoral decisions," said the Bishop. "We of the religious community will not stand by as this betrayal takes place, because, if it continues, we can look ahead to a nightmare town." That was the message laid on the crowd attending Easter Sunday services at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Across the Atlantic, Pope Paul greeted the crowd in St. Peter's Square with the message that the "blind craving" for wealth is responsible for the unhappiness of mankind. He called for "an economic, cultural, and social betterment for the comfort and remedy of every human suffering."

Of course, businesses do not pull up stakes in New York City because of a wanton urge to visit pastures new. They leave because of escalating taxes, declining services, the difficulty of attracting personnel to New York City, and the genuine physical danger present in the streets. The businessmen are scarcely to be blamed for these objective conditions. Businessmen merely constitute a more fashionable target than the politicians who have misgoverned the city for a decade or more, and the union bosses who have extorted the contracts that are so large a cause of the city's plight.

Pope Paul was not entirely wrong in his strictures about the pursuit of "wealth." As the parable about the camel and the eye of a needle indicates, the pursuit of wealth can lead to spiritual blindness and ethical transgression. But surely the pursuit of wealth is not the prime cause of mankind's misery in the middle of the twentieth century. It pales beside the pursuit and exercise of political power. Arguably, more people than ever before in the history of the planet live under tyrannies of unprecedented ruthlessness, the product of the unrestrained human will to power. Beside that phenomenon, the pursuit of wealth looks almost innocent.

The road to irrelevance is paved with fatuity.

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Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sirs:

Re: Cartoon on Page 1274 of your NATIONAL REVIEW, November 21, 1975.

I don't think it is a good idea to have a cartoon that makes comments about "dumb" students. Most students are willing to learn if they are given a chance.

The cartoon shows a needle on top of the books; I don't see that in school. Also you shouldn't have "31 dumb" students in the same class. That is called "tracking" and in our state it is illegal.

Please don't put cartoons like this in your magazine anymore.

Sincerely,
Lenny Barron, Student
Montevideo, Minnesota

Dear Lenny: Okay. No more dumb students. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

How can you continually assert the failure of detente with the Soviets? The world witnessed, at the 12th winter Olympics: An American figure skater performing to the strains of Rimsky-Korsakoff, albeit, pre-Revolutionary, and a Russian couple skating to the melody of "Oklahoma"!

Yours devotedly,
William R. Cannon
Freehold, New Jersey

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your answer to our mutual friend David H. C. Read's agonizing ode on the spelling of "busing" (*NR*, Dec. 29) seems to me uncharacteristically incomplete.

There is both rhyme and reason to the apparent inconsistency of the English language here.

As a general rule, we have the stately period: "Monosyllables, and polysyllables accented on the final syllable, ending in a single consonant preceded by a single vowel double the final consonant before a suffix beginning with a vowel."

Thus: bet, betting; repel, repelling.

But: beat, beating (more than one vowel);
test, testing (more than one consonant);
(con)fuse, (con)fusing (consonant not final);
wander, wandering (accent not on final syllable).

The mass-transit case is made complicated, like so many other aspects of life, by Cupid. When one goes to add "ing" or "es" to the large passenger-carrying highway vehicle, one finds the normal spellings "bussing" and "busses" pre-empted by forms of a good old English word "buss," meaning a hearty kiss. To avoid confusion, fuss, and blowing of fuses, English, that most pragmatic of languages, here waives the general rule so as to permit —yes, encourage—busing without inhibiting bussing.

Cordially,
George A. Vondermuhll Jr.
New York, New York

P.S. For another explanation, see Fowler, *Modern English Usage*, "-s & -ss."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the February 20 *NR*, p. 139, you write, apropos Mr. Richard Rovere's reading habits: "It is hardly as if he had picked up John Stuart Mill's copy of Bentham, after the reading of which Mill wrote in his journal, 'The scales fell from my eyes.' "

Sorry. It was Bentham who wrote that, and he was referring to David Hume's *Treatise*, whence Bentham derived his rejection of natural law (*Mill: Utilitarianism and Other Writings*, M. Warnock, ed., Meridian, 1962, p. 14). It seems only remotely possible that Mill wrote the same thing; after all, John Stuart never had scales, but rather was stuffed by his father with utilitarianism from the age of two.

Good try . . .

Yours truly,
Craig N. Oren
Berkeley, California

Thanks.

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I seem to recall that a couple of years ago, when the masthead of your magazine was changed to "NR," there ensued quite a rhetorical commotion in your "Notes and Asides" section regarding that change, the better part of which, if my memory serves me, lamented that alteration. Therefore, I was mildly surprised to find, so far, no comment on your reversion to the more prestigious "National Review."

Could you illuminate your readers as to the executive reasons for returning to the older format? Suffice it to say on my part that in this world of constant, irrevocable change, it is refreshing to find that somewhere, someone finds it possible to revert to an older, more traditional, and, may I opine, better way of doing something.

Sincerely yours,
Allen G. Weakland
Carteret, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Weakland: We gave in to the distributors. Their argument is that only the full title, boldly spelled out, arrests the newsstand buyer. What we have lost is flexibility in cover design. However, the sales are rising on the newsstands: and, *pro tanto*, public policy improves. Thanks for your comment.

—WFB

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The Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt Doctrine: I

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

I PROPOSE TO dredge up, and arrange in a coherent display, the essential "doctrine" that provides Secretary Kissinger with the model for his understanding of the present global situation and the guide for his strategic decisions—strategic preferences, rather, since the decisions are subject to political override. I will take my sample of raw material from the official summaries of the remarks of Secretary Kissinger and State Department counselor Helmut Sonnenfeldt to the London meeting of American ambassadors (and let's not quibble over who said which: both presentations were official).

"We are witnessing the emergence of the Soviet Union as a superpower on a global scale."

"The problem of our age is how to manage the emergence of the Soviet Union as a superpower. In today's circumstances, neither side can gain a strategic advantage that can be translated into political utility. We are doomed to coexistence."

"The Soviet power is developing irregularly. It is subject to flaws and to requirements which in some cases only the outside world can meet. They have not been able to bring the attractions that past imperial powers brought to their conquests; they have not brought the ideological, legal, cultural, architectural, organizational, and other values and skills that characterized the British, French, and German adventures."

"There are serious underlying pressures and tensions in the Soviet system itself. The base from which [Soviet] imperialism asserts itself has serious problems in the economic and social sectors. There are also internal [non-Russian] nationalist groups . . . growing at a disproportionately faster rate, which will add to the tensions."

"In Eastern Europe particularly, the most important unifying force is the presence of sheer Soviet military power. There has been no development of a more viable, organic structure."

"The Soviets' inability to acquire loyalty in Eastern Europe is an unfortunate failure, because Eastern Europe is within their scope and area of natural interest. It is doubly tragic that in this area of vital interest and crucial importance it has not been possible for the Soviet Union to establish roots of interest that go beyond sheer power."

"There is no way to prevent the emergence of the Soviet Union as a superpower. What we can do is affect the way in which that power is developed and used. Not only can we balance it in the traditional way, but we can affect its usage, and that is what detente is all about."

Training the Bear

"We have to see our task as managing or domesticating Soviet power."

"With most-favored-nation treatment and credit policies we can get the USSR to be competitively engaged in our U.S. markets. We need to be using [our economic potential] to draw the Soviet Union into a series of dependencies and ties with the West. . . . We must draw the Soviet Union into relationships which are both concrete and practical, and we must create the maximum incentives for a moderate Soviet course."

"With respect to Eastern Europe, it must be in our long-term interest to influence events in this area—because of the present unnatural relations with the Soviet Union—so that they will not sooner or later explode, causing World War III. This inorganic, unnatural relationship is a far greater danger to world peace than the conflict between East and West. So it must be our policy to strive for an evolution that makes the relationship between the Eastern Europeans and the Soviet Union an organic one."

"'Our policy must be a policy of responding to the clearly visible aspirations in Eastern Europe for a more autonomous existence within the context of a strong Soviet geopolitical influence."

Let us distill the essence of this portion of the doctrine into an ordered sequence of propositions.

MODEL:

1. The Soviet Union is developing from a great continental power into an imperial superpower with global thrust.

2. The management of this process by the Soviet regime is crude, relying exclusively on force.

3. This crudeness magnifies the primary tensions within the Soviet system that issue from

3.1 the situation of the non-Russian nationalities within the Soviet Union and, especially,

3.2 the situation of the East European nations within the Soviet-dominated zone.

4. The East European nations are in the natural geopolitical domain of the Soviet Union, but are at present held there only by the crude tie of force.

4.1 This relationship is unnatural, unfortunate, tragic, and a far greater danger to world peace than the East-West conflict.

4.2 Unchanged, it will explode into World War III.

POLICY:

5. We cannot stop the Soviet Union from being a global superpower, but we can and should influence the kind of superpower it becomes.

6. Our policy should seek to make the Soviet Union into a peaceful, prosperous, and therefore safe superpower instead of a hungry, threatening, and dangerous superpower: to domesticate the Soviet Union.

7. Two primary strategies will further this policy:

7.1 We should expand mutual trade relations, granting the Soviet Union most-favored-nation status and adequate credits, and facilitating large-scale Soviet entry into our domestic market.

7.2 We should help the shift of the relationship between the Soviet Union and the East European nations from its present unnatural basis in crude force to a natural, organic basis.

7.21 The transformed relationship will incorporate both the Soviet primacy deriving from geopolitical reality and the national identities of the East European countries.

8. So transformed, the Soviet superpower will no longer be subject to the tensions that threaten to set off world war and will be able to focus on the improvement of its domestic economy in harmony with the global economy.

9. Thus: Peace and Prosperity. □

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SOUTH AFRICA

The Ultimate Target

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

SOVIET-CUBAN intervention in southern Africa foreshadows an East-West confrontation on the scale of the Berlin blockade of 1948 and the missile crisis of 1962. In both those actions, the Soviets sought to change the global balance of power and consign the United States to an inferior position. In the strategic confrontation now developing in southern Africa, the Soviet Union clearly intends to deny the region's vast mineral wealth to the U.S. and its allies and to take control of the land area from which the West's vital oil route can be dominated.

The Soviet domination of Angola and the prospect of attacks on South West Africa and Rhodesia are merely skirmishes, preliminary to a final assault on the mineral base and industrial powerhouse that is South Africa. The Soviet design is to turn that rich, strategic land away from its Western orientation. Patrick Wall, a British MP and a member of the Defense Committee of the Western European Union, has written in *Strategic Review* that if the Soviets succeed in this objective, they will indeed "control the Indian Ocean and the bulk of the world's most important raw materials and food, and the West will be thrown back on the North Atlantic for the final struggle or surrender."

Such are the strategic stakes in the developing crisis in southern Africa. Unhappily, neither the U.S. Congress nor the public seems to understand the scope and gravity of the Soviet-Cuban threat. However, according to syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, high-ranking members of the Administration realize that the deepening Soviet penetration into southern Africa poses "the biggest Communist threat anywhere to tip the world power balance." Ray Vicker, the African affairs correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*, warns that "now more than ever America should understand the price we may pay in lost raw materials and leadership should southern Africa be lost to the West." The editor of Radio Free Americas, noting that the "main clash" would involve a Soviet-Cuban assault on South Africa, is sufficiently alarmed to state, "One cannot but think that the Third World War has already begun in Africa."

It is hard for Americans to appreciate how serious the situation is because, in part, African affairs occupy so small a part of their thinking. For many years the media's portrayal of South Africa has been irresponsibly distorted. And whatever Americans may think of South Africa's political and social structures, they have not been educated in the realities of strategic geography—the importance of the country in terms of raw materials, industrial power, and military position.

The Soviets do understand South Africa's key position in the global balance of power. Therefore, they have sought for decades to detach South Africa from the West. *Soviet World Outlook*, edited by former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Foy D. Kohler, recently commented that *Izvestia* had made a "sinister-sounding reference" to "the widening of the struggle" against the Western governments in southern Africa. *Soviet World Outlook* also notes that Soviet statements are laying the groundwork for "liberation struggles" in South Africa, justifying all-out Soviet aid.

IT IS DIFFICULT for Americans to comprehend that the decisive chapters in the history of the twentieth century may be written in southern Africa. Without a doubt, direct Soviet-Cuban military intervention against South Africa will be described in some quarters as another Vietnam-type conflict without particular significance for the United States. But South Africa isn't South Vietnam. Southern Africa isn't Southeast Asia. While the U.S. had good and sufficient reason for involvement in Vietnam and elsewhere in Southeast Asia, neither the country nor the region was absolutely central to the power position of the United States and its principal allies. South Africa, on the other hand, provides the United States, its NATO allies, and Japan with their most important minerals, including gold, diamonds, and uranium. One can easily conceive of the disastrous effects on the West if South Africa's gold (three-quarters of the Free World's supply) and uranium (one-quarter of the Free World's supply) were to fall into the hands of the Soviet Union.

But that's only the beginning of the mineral importance of South Africa. South Africa has the largest deposits of platinum-group metals, plus the largest known reserves of high-grade iron ore, asbestos, etc. It has five million metric tons of copper reserves and the world's largest supply of vanadium, which is used in the production of high-quality steel. It has colossal coal reserves.

These resources are an integral part of the industrial system of the West, including Japan, and contribute to the overall strength of our civilization. The United States is increasingly dependent on South Africa for strategic materials, as it imports more than one hundred minerals—16 of them in very large quantities. If the Soviets are successful in detaching these resources, they will have struck a massive, possibly devastating, blow to the West. And these resources, together with the very substantial resources of Rhodesia and South West Africa, would give the Soviet totalitarian order a bigger boost than any it has enjoyed in its history.

It is imperative, too, that Americans understand that the Cape route around the southern tip of Africa is now not only the most crowded sea route in the world (24,000 ocean-going ships per year, or 66 per day), but also the most vital route for Americans, Europeans, and the oil-producing nations of the Persian Gulf. According to the United States Strategic Institute, 60 per cent of our oil imports will come via this route by the 1980s. If the South African naval base of Simonstown, at the Cape of Good Hope, were to fall into Soviet hands, the Soviet Union would be able to halt the tanker traffic at will. It would control the key entry point to the western Indian Ocean. With naval operations out of ports in Angola and Mozambique, the Soviets would effectively dominate both southern oceans and gain the ability to intimidate Brazil as well as Australia.

Today, the South African navy's Sil-

(Continues on page 521)

Mr. Harrigan is the executive vice president of the United States Industrial Council.

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Profits Are For People...

As essential as profits are to the survival of our way of life, I know of few subjects so universally misunderstood. And a recent nationwide survey indicated that misconceptions about profits are increasing. Obviously, business is not getting the message through. The time is long overdue for some old-fashioned plain talk.

By putting profits to work, companies build new factories, modernize existing facilities, enable Americans to compete with manufacturers abroad and—most critical—create jobs for our people and opportunities for future generations. The company that doesn't make a consistent profit year in and year out withers and disappears, and so do the jobs of its employees.

Most experts agree that our economy will need at least $4 trillion in new capital during the next 10 years. Unless we plan to convert to socialism—and we certainly don't want to do that—a good part of it will have to come from corporate profits. Yet, contrary to what most Americans think, corporate profits have been shrinking. Today, the rate of profit by U.S. corporations is about 5% on sales, less than it was a decade ago. If profitability continues to shrink, we can look forward to an era of diminished economic growth and fewer jobs.

And when there is less profit to tax, our federal, state and local governments cannot obtain the revenues needed to carry out public programs, and the goals we have set for our society will be seriously threatened.

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During the next few months we will be talking publicly about corporate profits because we are convinced that an understanding of this subject by our people is vital to protect America's quality of life. We invite you to read these messages and to let us know how you feel about our viewpoint.

John T. Connor
Chairman

Allied Chemical

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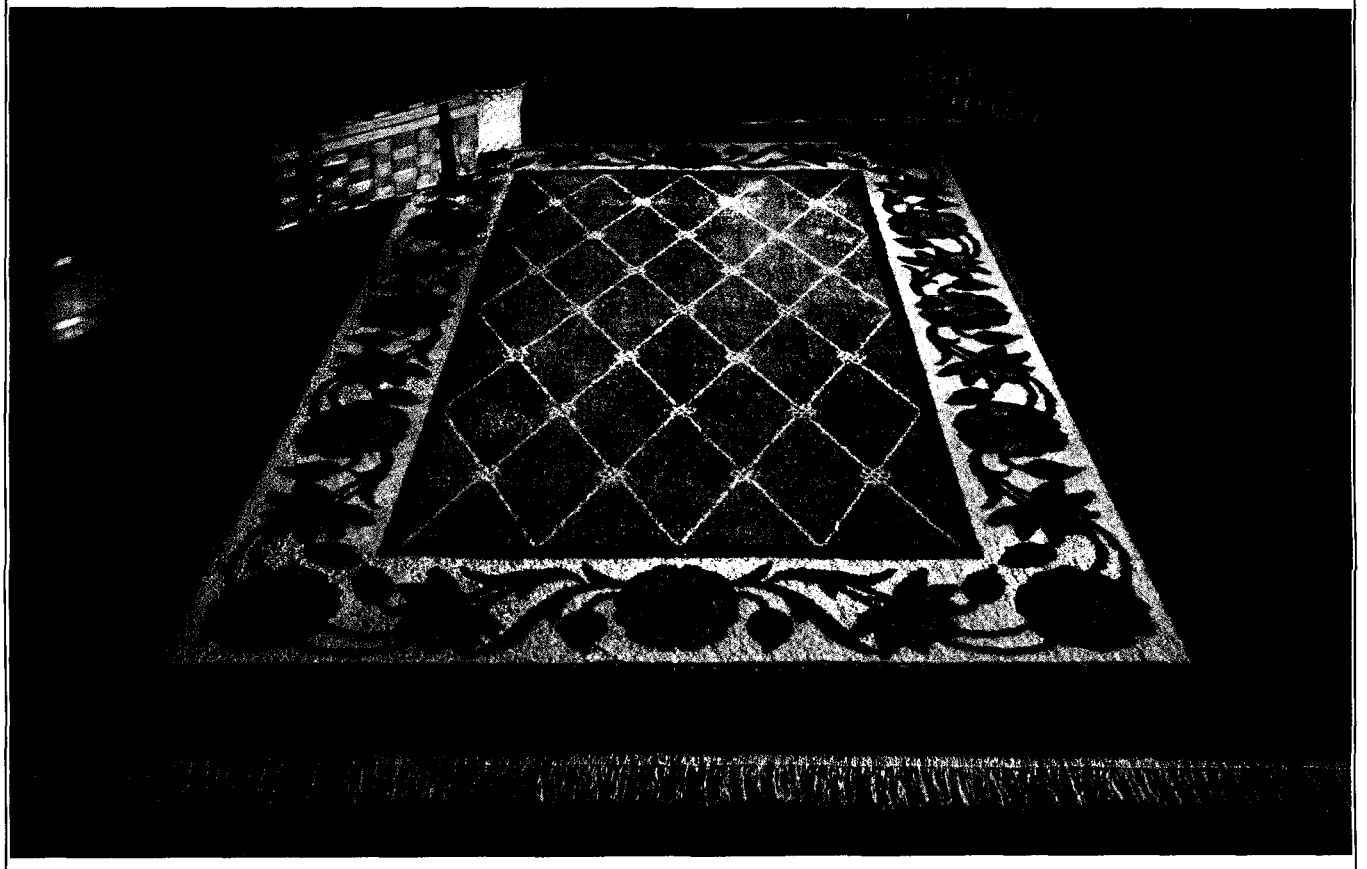

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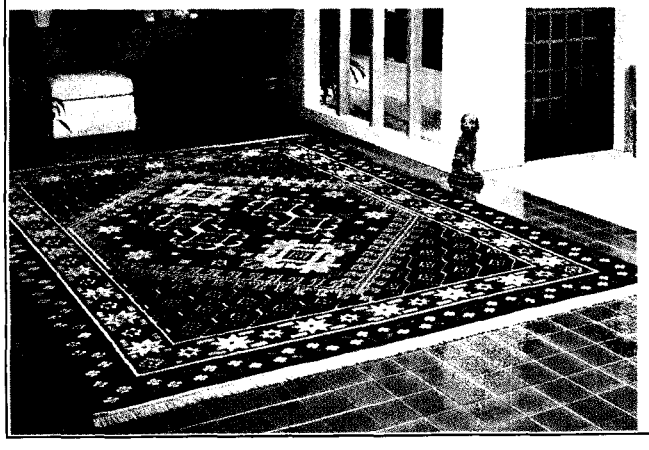

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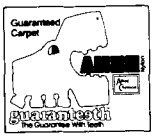

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JIMMY CARTER

Is the Carter phenomenon all rhetoric and no content? What makes Jimmy Carter so different from the rest? It is not possible, says the author, to understand Carter without understanding his religion

Niceguyin' His Way to the White House?

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

I HAVE A FRIEND, an unusually intelligent man with a profound knowledge of politics, who will launch into an anti-Jimmy Carter diatribe at the drop of a peanut. But an hour or so later, when the gale has blown its course, you can recall only three or four of his points: there is something wrong with Carter's smile and something sinister about his eyes; he is a loner, an adventurer; his religious views are dangerous; he obviously can't be the man his supporters believe him to be.

Carter does that to people, especially the old Washington hands. James Reston, a kind and gentle man who could find some good words even for Spiro Agnew after the fall, has been reduced to calling Carter names. And David Broder, usually a thoughtful and detached reporter, believed by many to be the best in the business, just can't keep his cool on the subject of Carter. In Wisconsin, on the basis of premature television projections with less than 50 per cent of the vote in, Broder wrote a long piece analyzing Udall's victory and discussing how it had damaged Carter's candidacy. The next morning Broder's piece ran on the front page of the *Washington Post* under the headline, "Udall Wins in Wisconsin." The problem, of course, was that Carter had in fact won.

Had it not been for the feelings Carter arouses, I suspect, Broder might have been a bit more careful with his story. But Carter does something to him. About a week before the primary, Broder listened to Carter address a group of blacks in Milwaukee. "He gave the blacks . . . about one-third of his standard response," wrote Broder, "then turned to another topic. And when a reporter [Broder], who had been caught up in the emotion of the gathering and had begun to believe that this man was all that his admirers say he is, realized what had happened, the sense of betrayal was as sharp and painful as if someone had punched him in his stomach and knocked the air out of his lungs."

An interesting response, and one that could be aroused by no other presidential candidate this year. When Gerald Ford, for instance, in his State of the Union address, neglected to tell old people that they were going to have to pay more to get the additional Medicare benefits he was promising them, no one felt similarly assaulted. But Carter does that to people.

Why? I'm still not sure I know, still not sure what I think of Carter. I have spent the past few weeks attempting to read everything written about him, an increasingly difficult task. I have read his position papers and his autobiography. And in March I briefly joined his campaign tour in North Carolina. I don't pretend to understand the Carter phenomenon. But it is a phenomenon, and even if Carter

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doesn't make it to the White House, I believe he may significantly alter the shape of American politics. He may or may not be what he appears to be. But to put it very mildly, he is completely different.

First of all, there's the Carter stock speech itself. I've written speeches for a number of national politicians, and I've seen and heard many of them delivered. But the substance of Carter's speeches and the way he delivers them are unique.

A Carter rally in the South, then, begins with a musical warm-up by a country-folk group called the Nashville All-Stars. Some good country stuff, a medley of three—"Dixie," soulful; "Battle Hymn of the Republic," martial; "This Is My Country," joyful. The crowd roars, and suddenly, before you expect him, Carter is at the podium.

Carter is against forced busing, against abortion. Conservatives nod approvingly. He may be one of us. But he's also against constitutional amendments to outlaw abortion and halt busing. Liberals nod

The speech is an extended monologue, no text, no cards, without cheer lines and without those standard limp political jokes. Carter speaks almost without inflection, often in single words and phrases. After the musical build-up, you expect the emotional pitch to continue to rise. And it does, but in a peculiar way. There's generally a great quiet, seldom broken by applause, the effect of Carter's strange monotone almost hypnotic. The speech has no real end. At times Carter seems to break off in mid-phrase and invite questions before you realize he has finished.

It's effective. I talked to scores of people after Carter rallies, many of whom had previously neither seen nor heard him. Not all of them said they would vote for him. But they all came away enormously impressed, convinced of his total sincerity. Carter, they seem to believe, is the genuine article; a man of character rather than personality, whose surface is an exact reflection of what lies beneath.

Perhaps. But his critics don't agree, and many of them point to well-publicized inconsistencies to prove it. He is evasive at times, they say. He contradicts himself. He waffles. Carter is against forced busing, against abortion. Conservatives nod approvingly. He may be one of us. But he's also against constitutional amendments to outlaw abortion and halt busing. Liberals nod. And he says it all in a moderate voice. Moderates are pleased. Later, however, many of them put it all together. Just another two-faced (or three-faced) politician, they conclude, usually with a much deeper sense of betrayal than they would feel at being misled by one of the predictable hack candidates.

Thus David Broder's untypical anguish. "Was it misleading or not," he asks, "for a candidate who has pledged 'never deliberately to mislead you' to say to a black audience, 'School integration, I'm for it,' and to a white audience, 'Forced busing, I don't like it'? No one can judge another's motives, but those are the questions that arise in covering Carter."

Unusually high expectations. Statements on issues such as busing have become campaign games, usually no indication whatsoever of what a man will do when he takes office. Lyndon Johnson, the peace candidate, escalated the war. Nixon, the conservative, went to China and instituted controls. Ford takes a different tack each month, his rhetoric seldom catching up with his actions. "Watch what we do, not what we say," John Mitchell's memorable apothegm, has become definitive.

But this doesn't excuse Carter in the eyes of his critics. Alone among the candidates, he is talking about character, morality, faith in God, a system of values. "The American people are good . . . decent . . . honest . . . open," he tells us, and, no matter how cynical, we feel better for hearing it. That's the way most of us would really like to be. As Richard Reeves puts it, after a Carter rally "the yearning crowds seem to come away believing, including a surprisingly high proportion of the working press. We want to believe, too."

Because he raises these expectations, because he plays these profound chords, Carter is not allowed the political luxury of lying. And that is as it should be. Having brought values, ethics, and morality into the political debate, he must expect to be judged by his own standards. But the problem is, what precisely are those standards? Where do they come from and how do you talk about them?

There is genuine confusion here, part of it a problem of definition and interpretation. In the end, like it or not, we depend heavily on the press to interpret the issues in a national campaign for us. But over the past decade the way the media deal with those issues has become stylized, increasingly divorced from the complex problems themselves. A candidate, asked for his position on "busing," for example, has a number of stock responses to choose from, his choice generally dictated by party affiliation and ideology. The press expects to be fed one of the acceptable responses and expects to be able to interpret it in an accepted way. But as political rhetoric grows increasingly divorced from reality—no matter what your position on busing, for instance, no one really expects you to do anything about it after you're elected—the catch words take on a reality of their own, as if they were the real issues.

But Carter doesn't use the accepted and understood rhetoric, doesn't use the right phrases, doesn't come at the "issues" in the right way, and often, apparently, just doesn't believe the "issues" are issues at all.

Critics see this as waffling, shiftiness. And perhaps it is. But that is not the way the Carterites see it. In their eyes, specific positions on specific "issues" simply aren't important. There is only one issue, they believe, and if that issue is resolved, the problems we come to call issues will automatically be cleared up. Carter, says Richard Reeves, understands "that what national leaders and other candidates perceive as a political crisis is actually a spiritual crisis, and that more symbolic communication is the best way to reach Americans drifting in an atmosphere saturated with instant communications."

Thus the typical Carter speech, really two speeches. In one part he touches on those problems we call issues. But in what he believes to be the important part, the real speech, he trills out those words that his audiences come to hear—truth, decency, forgiveness, love ("filled with love" is a favorite phrase, used to describe the approach he will

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take on everything from the bureaucracy to foreign policy).

Carter has his own code words, and analysis of any of his speeches would reveal that its substance consists primarily of those words strung together. Not the stuff that an issue-oriented press knows how to deal with. But to Carter's audiences, and to a few perceptive journalists such as Reeves, those words symbolize a whole system of values, a moral, ethical, and spiritual framework within which the "issues" can be solved. The other candidates speak to problems out of context; Carter deals with the context itself. And that context is nothing less than the Christian religion.

It's not possible to understand Carter's politics without understanding his religion. Late one night, at an informal question and answer session, he was asked about his religious views. There was a long pause, and he expressed reluctance to discuss them. Finally, he answered, "In 1967, I had a profound religious experience that changed my life . . . I accepted Christ into my life."

WHAT IS THE relationship between that religion of his and politics, he was asked. Another long pause, and then he answered with a quote from Reinhold Niebuhr: "The sad duty of politics is to establish justice in a sinful world."

Carter is a "born again" believer, one of those people, like C. S. Lewis, who believe they have been transformed by what Sigmund Freud calls an "oceanic" experience. And apparently there are millions of Americans who have undergone a similar experience.

A year and a half ago (in a *New York Times Magazine* piece entitled "Are We a Nation of Mystics?") Father Andrew Greeley and William McReady reported the results of a study aimed at determining how many Americans had undergone this experience. The results were startling. Forty-five per cent of the respondents, who were, according to the authors, scientifically selected and questioned, reported having this experience. If those figures are at all accurate, and if they are extrapolated, Carter's potential constituency is formidable indeed. Twice-born believers always recognize their own, and Carter is the genuine article.

The Catholic theologian and author Michael Novak believes that there are as many as forty million—two-thirds of all the white Protestants out there—who share Carter's born-again experience. And what Novak calls "evangelical Protestantism" is undoubtedly the fastest growing movement of the day. Billy Graham's *Angels*, a favorite of the believers, has sold 1.3 million copies in three years. Other books, published by evangelical houses, outsell the officially recognized bestsellers by a large margin. If the *New York Times* listed such books on its bestseller lists, it is estimated that they would take the top ten slots.

The evangelical movement cuts across social, economic, and political lines. It is strong on the campuses of the South, Southwest, and West Coast, growing rapidly as radicalism declines. It includes young people and old people, long-hairs and short-hairs, working people and professional people. They meet in places with names like The People's Church or the Free Evangelical Church, or in no church at all. I know personally, for instance, of a large housing development in Phoenix—middle- and upper-middle-class—which is visited by an Avon Lady who, as soon as the husbands are off to work and the children off to school, holds daily prayer sessions.

These evangelicals, what Novak calls the American "superculture," represent the greatest untapped bloc vote in the country. Ordinarily, one of them tells me, what politics they do have tend to be Republican. But the word is going out along the evangelical grapevine that Jimmy Carter is really one of them, and if he wins the Democratic nomination, they will turn out for him in overwhelming numbers. These people have been considered ideologically to be conservative, and in any ideological litmus test, Carter would probably register as a liberal. But this is again a misreading of what Carter supporters see as "issues." On what the evangelicals believe to be the *real* issues—faith, morality, family life—his positions are hard Christian, and therefore conservative. But on those issues on which ideological Christians customarily take a hard line and on which Carter seems soft—a blanket pardon for all draft dodgers, for instance—he is seen not as liberal but as compassionate.

These are not the only Carter supporters, of course. He also speaks, again alone among the candidates, to those who are disillusioned, who have lost faith in a government that seems to have lost touch with the people it once served. "Something precious has slipped through our hands in Washington," he croons, and they react. For those confused and wearied by Vietnam, sickened by Watergate, he offers hope. Carter, the non-Washington candidate with real non-Washington roots, can clean it up, restructure it, make it work again.

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But it is to religious, evangelical Americans—among them a large number of blacks—that he speaks most directly. They understand his words and they understand the system that those words symbolize. In his autobiography and in his speeches, Carter asks what he calls the two basic questions of the campaign: "Can our government be competent and efficient?" "Can our government be honest, decent, open, fair, and compassionate?"

For Carter and his followers, the second question is the important one. The first is simply a matter of administrative detail.

In the autobiography, he puts it this way: "Government at all levels can be competent, economical, and efficient. Yet I would hasten to point out that nowhere in the Constitution of the United States, or the Declaration of Independence, or the Bill of Rights, or the Emancipation Proclamation, or the Old Testament, or the New Testament do you find the words 'economy' or 'efficiency.' Not that these two words are unimportant. But you discover other words like *honesty*, *integrity*, *fairness*, *liberty*, *justice*, *courage*, *patriotism*, *compassion*, *love*—and many others which describe what a human being ought to be. These are also the same words which describe what a government of human beings ought to be."

Efficiency and competence are secondary, and this is why, to those who don't understand Carter's code words

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and what they symbolize, he often seems disturbingly vague. But his born-again followers understand precisely what he means when he discusses something like the restructuring of the Federal Government. He will cut federal agencies from 1,900 to 200, he tells us. Which ones? He doesn't know, he answers. He'll have to wait until he gets to Washington and makes a study.

But that isn't really quite what he means, says an evangelical admirer. A fundamentalist, born-again believer, if he has a fundamental goal—in this case the restructuring of government—believes that a way will be found. If it is not, then the goal was not meant to be achieved. It is, in fact, almost a weakness to figure out methods. If you believe strongly enough, and if your feelings are correct, then things will work out.

This gap, which Michael Novak calls a logical gap between piety and performance, is an extremely important part of the evangelical tradition. But Carter, if he expects to win a general election, is going to have to find a way to bridge it convincingly. Perhaps because of that gap, and perhaps because he considers the methods for achieving his goals of secondary importance, he tends to make incredible fluffs in many of his campaign statements.

Ford and the battery of experts available to him could take Carter apart on details of policy, and I doubt that he could easily put himself back together again by the time the press had finished. But this may not be important, of course. If his fundamental goal is the Presidency, and if it is a proper goal, then Carter, if his religious beliefs are valid, will achieve it.

And if he does, what would a Carter Presidency look like? And what effect would his religion have on it?

Perhaps, as my cynical friend suggests, it would just be business as usual, with Carter a little less effective than most Presidents because of his loner background. Or perhaps, as others suggest, it would just be a new Camelot, the major difference being that the bright young men would have good ole boy accents.

Carter himself denies that his religion would be a factor: "I've never tried to use my position as a public official to promote my beliefs, and I never would."

YET ONE wonders. Suppose you have a President who preaches, as Mr. Carter frequently does in the Baptist Church at Plains, Georgia, that the Second Coming, in which all evangelicals are required to believe, is at hand. Suppose that President therefore believed, as he says he believes, that the most compelling task before us is to prepare for that coming. Suppose that President believes his role to be comparable to that of the disciples (in Plains, he tells his fellow believers: "We are the Johns and Peters and Matthews and Pauls"). And suppose you had a President who, to paraphrase Niebuhr, believed that his primary political function was to cleanse a sinful nation.

Well, perhaps it would be business as usual. But I have a hunch that in those revived fireside chats he promises us, we might begin to get something just a bit more than business-as-usual presidential rhetoric.

Would that be bad? I really don't know. But I do know we could do worse. We have. Consistently. There are many things to recommend Carter. As a devout Christian, he is also a dedicated anti-Communist. As a firm believer in the afterlife, he can be counted on not to attempt to build the perfect society here on earth. He would try to improve this one, true, but there's nothing wrong with that. And an essentially Christian plan for improvement might not hurt us a bit.

Despite that gap between piety and performance, Carter is obviously an exceptionally capable man—perhaps, if his views are correct, because he is sufficiently well-guided by the basic values to execute what he undertakes with efficiency and competence.

At one point he says: "There is no inherent conflict between careful planning, tight management, and constant reassessment on the one hand, and compassionate concern for the plight of the deprived and afflicted on the other. Waste and inefficiency never fed a hungry child, provided a job for a willing worker, or educated a deserving child."

Is that a conservative or a liberal view of government? To me it sounds like both. I am not yet ready to march under Carter's banner. And I have not yet, as a friend who believes me to be soft on Carter suspects, received a ticket to his inaugural. But as one who worked for both Spiro Agnew and Richard Nixon during the worst days of that Administration, I must admit I feel a strong pull when Carter says things like this:

"We have a tendency to exalt ourselves and to dwell on the weaknesses and mistakes of others. I have come to realize that in every person there is something fine and pure and noble, along with a desire for self-fulfillment. Political and religious leaders must attempt to provide a society in which those attributes can be nurtured and enhanced."

Perhaps that's just rhetoric. But like David Broder and Richard Reeves, I hope he means it. □

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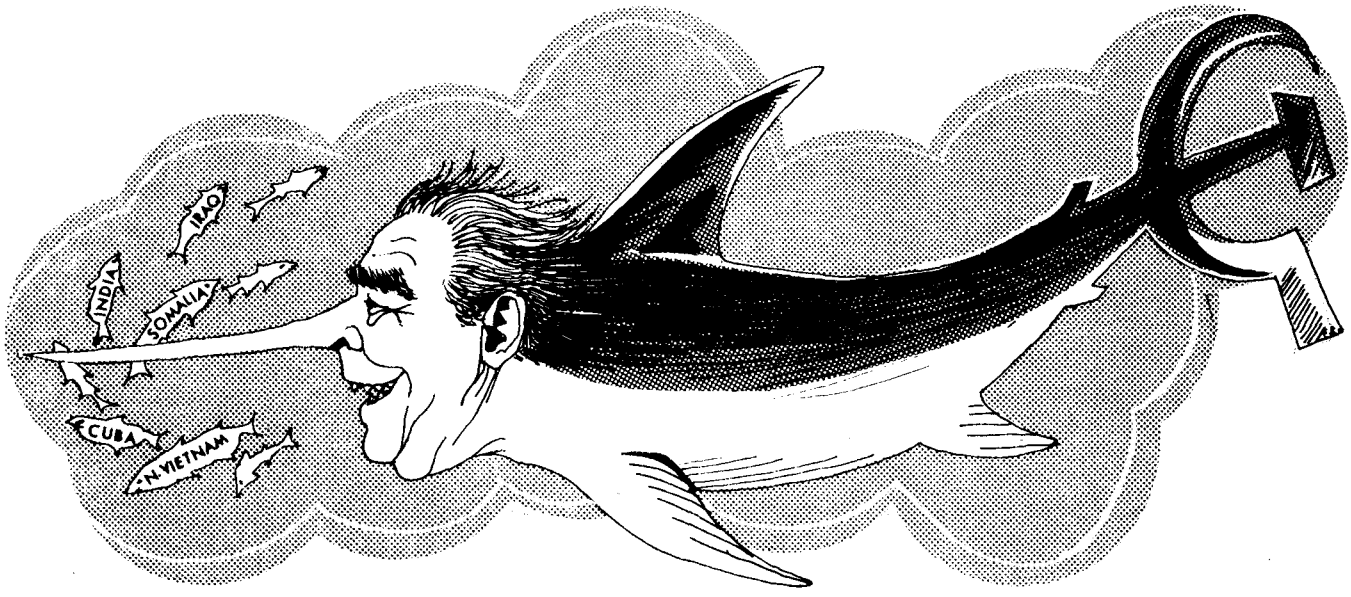
MADNESS OF THE WEST



The 25th Party Congress—Bad News

BRIAN CROZIER

GIVEN A DAY or two and willing secretaries, I could have written the six-hour speech Mr. Brezhnev gave on the opening day of the 25th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. At all events, I would have remembered to put in the bits about peaceful intentions; about the threats to detente from lying traducers of the USSR; about Chinese reactionaries, South African racists, and Chilean fascists; about aid to national liberation movements; and even, with the necessary melange of complacency and contrition, about the poor performance of the Soviet economy.

We must concede that, over all, the Soviet leaders have good reason for self-congratulation. Their economic system may be bogged down in its incurable inefficiency, patently incapable of feeding their people. Their word has seldom carried so little public authority among the non-ruling Communist parties. There is, in fact, a crisis of Communism at least as real as the crisis of capitalism that the ideologists never tire of describing. Why, then, the self-congratulation?

Despite all their current troubles, the Soviet leaders are in a winning position in 1976, and they know it. Why? One reason is that their system, uniquely ill-equipped to provide happiness or even material contentment, is better adapted than any other to serve a ruthlessly single-minded foreign policy. But there is another reason, of far greater interest to us in the West because we can do something about it (whereas it is very unlikely that we can change the Soviet system without blowing the world to pieces. We have made it and continue to make it too easy for our enemies to go from victory to victory).

Let us be quite clear about this. If Brezhnev's team or his successor's does what Khrushchev said he would do, and buries us, it will be because we have dug the grave, docilely lain down in it, and given the Russians the shovel to complete the job.

This year the American people will elect a new President. Is it too much to hope that:

► The next President will start to reverse the process whereby the U.S. gave the Russians a written guarantee of nuclear superiority?

► Western heads of state will cease to finance Soviet purchases of technology by giving them credit at low interest rates, and will cease to encourage their businessmen to hand over their industrial secrets to people dedicated to the destruction of capitalism?

► The American press and Congress will repent of the self-indulgence and irresponsibility that have systematically destroyed their nation's capacity to execute any foreign policy, even a misguided one?

► Congress will enact a law to end forever the absurdity that it is treasonable to sell official secrets to the Soviet Union but praiseworthy to publish them in the American press for the KGB to read?

► Our leaders will look at the world with new and realistic eyes, and actually give us some leadership?

I hope it is not too late.

The present Soviet leaders got rid of Khrushchev in October 1964 because he took unnecessary risks; because he talked too much and made boasts which he could not fulfill; because he was a bit of a clown and was too ready to make unreliable leaders, such as Ben Bella of Algeria, "Heroes of the Soviet Union"; and perhaps because—after the 1962 Cuban missile confrontation—he had adopted too quiescent a line in foreign policy. The changes the new team made were rapid and spectacular. Three major decisions were taken:

1. To catch up with and overtake

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the United States in nuclear weapons and delivery systems.

2. To accelerate the naval construction program and create a world class, ocean-going navy.

3. To intervene in the Vietnam War.

The third point was chronologically the first. In November 1964, only a few weeks after the fall of Khrushchev but seven years after the Vietnam War had begun, the Russians did something that very few took notice of at the time: they invited the Vietcong to open an office in Moscow. The National Front for the Liberation of South Vietnam—the political wing of the Vietcong—already had offices in Peking, Pyongyang, Jakarta, Cairo, East Berlin, and Havana.

The following February, Premier Kosygin led a high-powered team on a visit to Hanoi. Again the Western press took relatively little notice. It had other things to report, such as the Vietcong's attack on American installations in South Vietnam, and President Johnson's decision to bombard North Vietnam. But what went on in Hanoi was in the end more decisive. For the Russians, either then or a few weeks later, committed themselves to supplying vast quantities of modern arms and equipment to the North Vietnamese army.

Birth of Detente

FOR THE NEXT seven years or so, the new expansionist policy did well enough, as I shall show. But the men in power in Moscow had real worries to contend with. The economy continued to grow, but not as planned. Unsold goods were piling up in the shops. Technology—especially computer technology—was lagging seriously behind that of the advanced Western countries and Japan. The abundance that Khrushchev had so rashly promised seemed as far off as ever. Nor could the system consistently feed the Soviet people. An American farmer continued to produce up to eight times as much as his Soviet counterpart.

Something had to be done. Brezhnev and his colleagues could have demobilized one or two million men and sent them to Siberia to develop the Soviet far east and lay down giant pipelines. They could have slashed their enormous military budget and diverted the bulk of their technological research talent from military to civilian purposes. But this would have meant shelving, perhaps indefinitely, the expansionist policies of the post-Khrushchev era. Was there a way of eating the cake and still having it? There was. The idea was to lull the governments of the NATO countries into believing that there would be peace in our time, that the cold war was over, and that there was now no reason why the West should not help the Soviets, with its technology and in other ways as well, to become a nation of consumers.

And so it was decided. In April 1971, Brezhnev launched the Soviet "peace program" at the 24th Party Congress. This was the birth of the policy of detente.

Let us now flash forward to the present. The three expansionist decisions of 1964 and 1965 have all yielded spectacular successes. The American intervention in Vietnam ended last year with the utter defeat of South Vietnam and total victory for the protégés of the Soviet Union, nearly 90 per cent of whose arms were modern Soviet equipment. In Khrushchev's day the Soviet navy was not a major strategic factor; now it is the strongest navy in the world, and threatens every sea and ocean. As for nuclear weapons systems, there is a consensus among strategic experts that the Russians have achieved a margin of superiority over the Americans; and the agreements announced at Vladivostok in November 1974 must lead inexorably to a permanent Soviet advantage, both qualitatively and quantitatively. As for the "peace program," it yielded the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, culminating in the Final Act at Helsinki. As I shall argue, this document was not in all respects an unqualified triumph for the Soviet side. But the advantages secured outweighed, on balance, the concessions made.

The conventional wisdom of twenty years ago was what might be called the "theory of contiguous satellites." Only the presence of Soviet bayonets in an adjacent country, it was argued, could guarantee the survival of a Communist regime, whether it was originally installed by Soviet force or by Soviet guile. And so it seemed in Stalin's day, and in the early years of Khrushchev's leadership, when the Communist monolith spread across the giant land mass from the Oder-Neisse Line in the west to Vladivostok in the east, with Peking and Pyongyang thrown in. The theory fitted the facts up until the satellization of Cuba. The Russians didn't put Fidel Castro in power in the first place, nor did he want his island republic to become a Soviet satellite. The Russians nevertheless got their way with a new technique.

Remote Control

THIS TECHNIQUE was the creation of a security and intelligence organization that would rely on Soviet advice and eventually come under Soviet control. The Cuban DGI (*Dirección General de Inteligencia*) was created between 1959 and 1962. Despite close Soviet supervision, it was not an immediate success from the Russian standpoint in that its head, Piñeiro Losada, was loyal to Castro rather than to the Russian way of revolution. In 1970, however, Castro reorganized the DGI under intense Soviet pressure, and dismissed Piñeiro and those who thought like him. And so, 8,000 miles from home, the Russians—thanks to the KGB—had their first remote control satellite.

Success was sweet. They decided to repeat the experiment elsewhere.

The techniques used were similar but not identical. In Nasser's Egypt, massive deliveries of Soviet arms for which the country could not pay left its economy mortgaged to Russia until the end of the century and beyond. But the real client-to-satellite shift got under way after Egypt's catastrophic defeat in the June war in 1967. Soviet advisors moved in by the thousands, eventually reaching all levels of the civil service and the armed forces. But President Sadat proved less amenable than Castro and in 1972 he summarily expelled 18,000 of the advisors.

One thing, however, remained of the satellization experiment in Egypt: the Soviet-Egyptian Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation, signed in 1971 and valid for 15 years. The Russians evidently attached importance to it as a symbol of client status, for they have since signed similar treaties with other countries: India (1971), Iraq (1972), and Somalia (1974). (It was this treaty that Sadat abrogated a month ago.)

With its huge and disparate population, its religious inheritance, and its more recent legacy of pluralistic democracy, India was less ready for satel-

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lization than, say, Cuba. But nobody could say the Russians were quitters. During the Indo-Pakistan war of December 1971, a high-level Soviet advisor remained in Delhi; his mission, we may be sure, was to leave Mrs. Gandhi in no doubt about how far she could go and still count on Soviet military assistance. Bangladesh, born of that war, became another candidate for client status, but the recent coups d'état there, tinged with anti-Sovietism, have left the Russians less than happy.

Will greater Indochina, too, become a long-distance Soviet satellite? As I write, the question remains open. True, the North Vietnamese won their victory with Soviet arms, but gratitude is a flimsy basis for a long-term relationship. And it suits Hanoi to lean at times toward Moscow, at times toward Peking, for Communist as well as nationalist reasons. At all events, the outcome of the war does leave Hanoi in partial dependence upon Moscow; and half a satellite enlarged by conquest is better than no satellite at all.

Ups and Downs

BACK IN THE Middle East, the satellization process has had its ups and downs. The Friendship Treaty with Iraq seemed to lay the groundwork for a privileged Soviet outlet to the Persian (or Arab) Gulf. Then the Iraqis spoiled it all by making friends with Iran, depriving the Russians of mischief-making opportunities by which they had laid great store.

Well to the south, Soviet hopes were dashed after a few intoxicating days, when the Sudanese Communist Party —at that time the strongest in the Arab world—seized power, then lost it to the returning General Nimeiry. Many Communist leaders died in their struggle to retain power.

The ensuing years, however, brought compensations in the Red Sea area, and in the former Portuguese territories. Somalia today stands as the African model for the satellization process. An absurdly generous military aid program, for a country still largely in the nomadic stage of development; the creation of a National Security Service under KGB instruction (repeating the Cuban success); a decision to wipe out all Somalia's debts—all this and more culminated in July 1974 in the signing of yet another Friendship Treaty. The occasion was judged important enough for President Podgorny to make the flight to Mogadishu. Similarly, Moscow canceled all the debts run up by the People's Republic of Yemen (that is, Aden and its hinterland).

The Portuguese ex-colonies provided opportunities of a different kind. For 12 years and more, terrorists and guerrillas from Mozambique and Angola were trained in Soviet camps. They were processed through the Patrice Lumumba Friendship University in Moscow as part of the stream of national liberation candidates, then sent to six-month courses in assassination, the making and use of explosive devices, sabotage, and the rest in Simferopol, Baku, Tashkent, and Odessa. After that the Frelimo trainees were returned to Mozambique, and the MPLA trainees to Angola. In Mozambique, the situation remains ambiguous, in terms of Russia's ultimate success against, say, Chinese competition. In Angola, Soviet arms and Cuban troops have done the trick, with negative aid from the U.S. Congress.

Elsewhere, the Russians have not invariably had things their own way. The "Santiago model" for revolution in Chile went sour, and the ideologists haven't yet finished wrangling about the "correct" inferences to draw. In Portugal, the unreconstructed Stalinist Alvaro Cunhal was all for action, and almost made it. Then Franco fell ill and even—in a fashion typically stubborn and leisurely, and "by the grace of God"—actually died. From Moscow came the word to Cunhal and his impatient party: "Hold it. Franco's death opens a new era. Stop forcing the pace. Let us wait and solve the Iberian problem as a whole."

I have thought it useful to sketch in this geo-strategic picture since 1964, for it seems to me a chastening way of getting the thing called detente in perspective. Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW have been consistently well informed about the delusive nature of the Geneva and Helsinki conferences. But how shall one explain Mr. Harold Wilson's declaration, on his return to London from Helsinki, that if the Final Act had been in existence in 1968 the Russians would not have occupied Czechoslovakia? And what did Messrs. Ford and Kissinger mean when they "threatened" that if the Russians persisted in their Angolan intervention they would be endangering detente? How can you endanger that which exists only in the minds of Western leaders committed to supporting a non-settlement? Since it cannot be ignorance, what can the explanation be?

The only two explanations that fit the facts lie in the unresisted temptation among politicians in democratic societies to conceal the truth from their electorates; and in the self-deluding compulsion of liberalism. (James Burnham brilliantly dissected the first in *The Machiavellians* and the second in *Suicide of the West*.)

Wiping the Slate

ALAS, detente has brought neither a respite in the cold peace, nor enhanced military security, nor fresh hope for Soviet dissidents. All it has brought is a document committing the Russians to liberalizing measures they have no intention of living up to: not exactly nothing (since it is marginally useful to be able to monitor Soviet breaches of Helsinki and tell the world about them), but not very much. In a few other tiny ways, the Final Act fell short of maximum Soviet expectations, in that it lacks the force of a peace treaty for Europe and provides for a peaceful change of frontiers by consent.

Against this, the whole business has powerfully contributed to the military, political, and psychological disarmament of the West. Worse still, it has enabled the Russians to harness Western and Japanese technology to their needs *without reducing Soviet defense expenditure.*

And yet, were it not for the Western vacuum of leadership, Russia's economic backwardness and especially its chronic food shortage would have given the West plenty of leverage. By publicly assuring the Russians that the U.S. would not withhold grain the President virtually told them to help themselves in Angola.

For all these dismal reasons, I think we of the Western alliance can simply wipe 1976 off our slate and award it to the Russians. There will be other years, one may hope. There could even be an American Administration that acts as I have suggested at the beginning of this article. Stranger things have happened. □

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Counter-culture?

TWO JOURNALISTIC events have exposed to scorn and derision the so-called "counterculture": John Rothchild and Susan Berns Wolf's *The Children of the Counterculture*, and CBS' two-night, four-hour portrait of the Charles Manson cult, *Helter-Skelter*. One wonders why the "counterculture" has escaped this kind of exposure so long. For more than ten years, it has been silently accepted and even secretly admired by parents, teachers, writers, clergy high and low.

The term itself envisions man as being in wholesale rebellion against order, wisdom, insight. Man, by "the power of negative thinking" (Marcuse), could create a new world. Marcuse, himself an epigone of Bakunin ("the creative power of destruction") and Nietzsche ("the transvaluation of all values"), sought to pull down the stanchions of order: religion, morality, rationality, and the political structure.

The attack was first mounted in the nineteenth century. By the 1960s it had trickled down to third-rate college teachers and from them to vulnerable youngsters. Their parents, when confronted with drugs, unwashed faces, unkempt hair, unbridled sex, filthy language, and revolutionary violence, abdicated all responsibility and simply sighed: "There's something they want to tell us." The catch phrases were: "Theirs are the voices of the future," and "Their truth is as good as my truth." It was betrayal of better knowledge, cowardice in the face of assault. Leftist gurus were quick to cash in on the "new helplessness" with their own vocabulary: "free spirits," "oppressive society," and, above all, "counterculture." It was on this page ten years ago that Frank S. Meyer vigorously denied the false claims to culture on the part of the new addicts of drugs, sex, and—emphatically—rock. Meyer's was virtually the last sane treatment of the subject, until the above-mentioned book and TV program. I added a modest Amen to Frank Meyer's philippic when I proposed the term "anti-culture" in lieu of "counterculture."

The two recent documentaries are a sorry survey of the devastation, irrationality, ruined humanity, crime, and craziness that was the counterculture. Most important is their demonstration that any lunatic pattern of ideas can find acceptance as "truth." Charles Manson's demonic reading of the Bible was taken seriously, as was the action of the commune mother who drew her six-year-old son into a "liberating" coitus, thus taking that Freudian fable, the Oedipus complex, at face value. There are many other examples of people who believe that, once emancipated from authoritative teachings, they can simply sit there and suck "values" out of their fingertips. They flit from Transactional Analysis to EST to TM to *I Ching* to astrology. The flitting itself may indicate only bewilderment, but when these novitiates begin to act on their brand new convictions as if they were gospel, they have reached a criminal degree of gullibility.

THE SOBER truth is that man has never "made" order. He has found it in the reality in which and through which he was born. When villages were built, the road between them followed the Indian trail, as the Indian trail followed the deer trail. Man's gift of language implied understanding; it enabled him to grasp the structure as well as the power in the manifestations of life around him and within him.

Aware that he had not created life, man bowed to divinity, to a higher reality, the source or embodiment of order. Man's early expression of this awareness took the form of myths; myth articulating in various ways the uncountable facets of divine reality and, at the same time, informing human beings as to how they could imitate and approach the gods. With exemplary clarity, mytho-philosophers probed the depths of the inner man, there to discover that man, in his quest for order, was not alone: he was in touch with the divine mind, with a reason beyond his own, with a higher grace. It was thus that "culture" grew, always centering in "cult," a worshipful attitude toward that which is beyond all that is merely human.

The highest minds of the human race learned that man could not possibly invent any order; he could only find it through his contact with the higher reality of the divine. For it is the sober truth that "we have not made ourselves." Thus even the whispered suggestion that we could think up "values" by ourselves is a childish delusion. The delusion is easy to fall into because of that fateful term, "value." For unlike the proper term, "the good," the word "value" is infinitely stretchable, so that dope addicts and Manson-style murderers can in all seriousness speak of their "values." Like "counterculture," "value" implies that man can violate the order of things and choose any "lifestyle" with impunity.

Both *The Children of the Counterculture* and *Helter-Skelter* document that this is not so. Without the acknowledgment of man's dependence on a higher reality, without a worshipful response to the basis of all being, without acceptance of divine help, all energies given to the "creation" of a new order will merely result in demonic destructiveness. Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* could have taught us as much. Maybe his lesson is on too grand a scale. The example of human ruin scaled down to a small American commune or to the several dozen members of the Manson family may drive home the point in a way in which the massive, persisting horrors of Communist and Nazi penal camps cannot. And unless we can come to terms with our order, those camps may be the image of our future. □

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Professors and Politics

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

ANNUALLY, in April, there meet in Chicago many of the members of the Philadelphia Society, a loose association of scholars and publicists who adopt no resolutions and endorse no political candidates. (The Society also holds regional meetings on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, most years.) In general, the members of this Society are conservatively minded, though some members prefer to call themselves liberals still.

Your servant writes these lines on returning home from the 1976 meeting, which went well. Mr. Henry Regnery, the publisher, is the Society's president; its secretary (and founder de facto) is Mr. Don Lipsett, of Hillsdale College. Many of its members are young professors and instructors; this year a number of intelligent undergraduates attended. The general subject of the twelfth annual meeting was "American Institutions: the Performance and the Prospects."

The Society's members, though not much pleased with the present performance and the prospects of American institutions, nevertheless believe in the American pattern of order and justice and freedom. They examined the present state of the American Presidency, with Mr. Richard Whalen, the writer (*The Founding Father, Catch the Falling Flag*), as chief speaker. They analyzed the condition of the Congress, with Dr. James McClellan (at present assistant to Senator Helms) commencing the discussion. They took up the judiciary, Professor Philip Kurland, of the University of Chicago Law School, giving the principal talk. They dissected the "media," Mr. Kevin Phillips, the columnist, setting the tone. In conjunction with this twelfth annual meeting occurred the first American gathering of the Wilhelm Röpke Stiftung, an international society based in Switzerland; the Swiss economist Dr. Albert Hunold came to Chicago for the occasion.

One waggish member remarked that the Philadelphia Society is a union of scholars who, realizing the impossibility of accomplishing anything in isolation, meet to discuss the impossibility of accomplishing anything collectively. Certainly their mood was sober enough in 1976. Those Utopians of the Right called "libertarians" were few at this gathering, and quiet: this is no year for prating of Absolute Liberty—not with Soviet Russia and Communist China growing in power. Nor, except for a lively discussion of the humane economic concepts of the late Wilhelm Röpke, was the twelfth annual meeting much concerned with economic questions, which dominated proceedings in some earlier years: the members have grown aware, with Walter Scott, that the world is not governed by little tracts and obscure pamphlets on economics.

In this decade of disillusion, it would be possible for the Philadelphia Society to grow by leaps and bounds, did it wish to. But the Society has no mission to the masses: it admits new members only upon recommendation by present members and only after they have attended at least one meeting. The Society's methods, like its aims, are thoroughly opposed to those of the pseudo-activist Americans for Democratic Action. With Demosthenes, the Philadelphia Society says, "In the name of God, fellow-citizens, I beg of you to *think*!"

The Grand Subjects

The restraint of bureaucracy; the revival of imagination; the reform of education—these are some of the grand subjects which the Philadelphia Society may consider at future national meetings. Among themselves, they differ about much. Mr. Whalen made a strong plea for a strong national Presidency, for instance; several on that panel, or in the audience, said that the prospect disquieted them. But not being ideologues, they do not seek to establish a doctrinal program for the Society, let alone a party line. Indeed, the chief bond of friendship among these Philadelphians is their common detestation of ideology, "the armed doctrine," political fanaticism.

Ferocious ideology in the grove of academe is the subject of a perceptive new book by Dr. Edward E. Ericson Jr.: *Radicals in the University* (Hoover Institution Press, Stanford, California, $11). It is about professors and instructors and graduate assistants during the past decade, rather than about undergraduates. It was such folk who not only countenanced, but led, the student mobs; their intellectual nihilism ended in such barbarities as the burning of libraries.

The Compelling Question

In his concluding essay, Ericson demonstrates that the new radicalism, which has by now lost its driving force among professors, was a quasi-religious phenomenon. Ideology is commonly the inversion of religious dogmas. In some sense, the cries of the New Left were an inchoate protest against Behemoth University's indifference toward ultimate questions.

"The typical academic posture toward such matters is to ignore them," Ericson writes, "to stay safely within the cocoon of relativism, which breeds agnosticism about ultimate issues, since these are not amenable to the kind of proof which satisfies the scientific mind . . .

"The radicals have sought to draw the larger issues back into the academic discussion. If they are finally adjudged to have failed in this attempt, it is altogether plausible that their failure can be explained in terms of the intrinsic incoherence in the world view which they have chosen as the basis for their work, not necessarily in terms of their desire to locate a world view by which to guide their work. . . . Does reality have resident within it some coherent form which is worth an attempt to search out? If it has—if, even, it might have—scholars are unforgivably remiss if they do not investigate the question."

Amen to that. The New Left may have asked some of the right questions, but it offered the wrong answers. By the time the Philadelphia Society is twenty years old, in 1984, its members may have made some headway toward restoring interest in the coherent forms of reality. As Irving Babbitt put it, "intelligence will tell in the long run—even in a university." □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Assertiveness Training

This is our homework sheet. I swear it; I'll send you an affidavit from my priest. "Assignment One. Enter six restaurants. Don't buy anything. Ask for a glass of water. Keep your voice even, firm, yet pleasant. Make eye contact; take up an assured, confident stance. Assignment Two. List five demands that will be made on you next week. Use a tape recorder, leaving a space between each request. Listen to the first demand, and then turn off your machine. Say covertly, 'No, . . . etc.' Then say it on tape." Ready? Ready. Go.

Keith, take out the garbage.

"Uh-uh. No way. I didn't make that garbage. Look, there's a can of hair spray—do I use hair spray?"

Keith, put your socks in the hamper.

"Hold on. I'm not finished with the garbage problem. How—"

Keith, make your bed.

"Bed? Keep bugging me like this, I might just get back into it. Then—"

Keith, you've left a light on downstairs.

"Not so fast, huh? Huh? I haven't got four hands. Can't you see I'm taking out the garbage?"

Keith—Ssssss. ERASE.

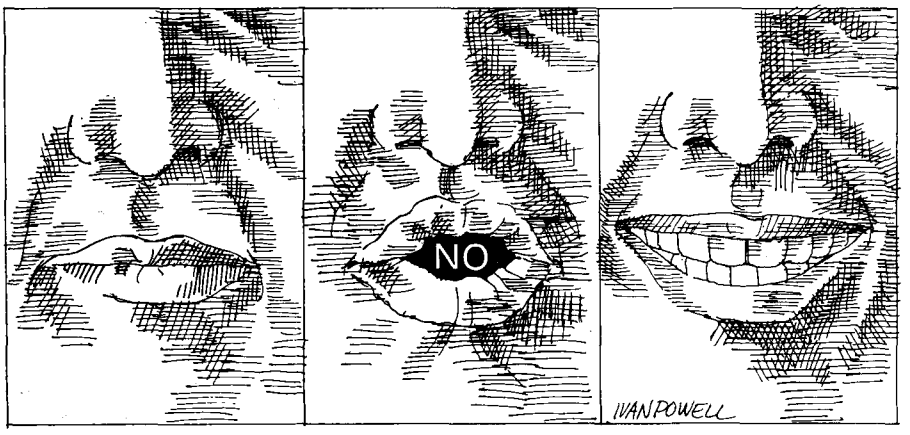
I didn't get any free water this week either.

Around New York on any given night you'll find at least six guerrilla cadres training to be assertive; psychological jocks out after a black belt in nasty. There's more than one way to get mugged on Eighth Avenue. *When I Say No, I Feel Guilty*, by Manuel J. Smith PhD, has asserted itself into bestsellerhood. Here's an inalienable or three from his Assertive Bill of Rights. "II: You have the right to offer no reasons or excuses to justify your behavior." A Fifth Amendment for the soul. "VIII: You have the right to be illogical in making decisions." "X: You have the right to say, I don't care." It's Yahweh's Decalogue edited for a black mass. We are now unaccountable, irrational, neutral. Your wife and children have come down with the nation's recent isolationism.

I can smell ozone. The liberal spirit shorted out in those high voltage years from 1966 to Cambodia. One could almost feel sorry for them. All that marching and counter-marching, what did it amount to? As sad, as nostalgic as the yellow, rusted civil defense SHELTER signs on a schoolhouse wall. Significantly, I would suggest, Smith's book was inspired by an experiment made with Peace Corps folk who couldn't, for the life of them, explain to Tanzanians and Costa Ricans why America was helping, gratis, with aphid control and irrigation. The assertive response is: "Hell, how should I know?" Yet, like most liberal theories, assertiveness couldn't be ratified until it had some group consciousness structure. Well, I'm paid to generalize: here's a big one, Triple E—but mull it over. Conservative theory tends to derive from individuals writing, thinking alone. Liberal dogma—as self-idealized, anyhow—is the outcome of consensus: workshops, dialogues, symposia. Liberal thought isn't meant to be *thought* at all: it's a process, a social act, the cocktail party rehabilitated.

As social acts go, this is an easy one to follow: my first assertiveness training workshop. *Ménages à trois* are better attended. Just two others, not counting our leader, and I have trouble counting our leader. Assertive? She has all the forthrightness of a breech birth. Wan, tremulous, sickly; don't think I've ever seen cold sores on someone's nose before. Her posture is implosive: you have the feeling she's about to be sucked out of a depressurized cabin. "I give myself permission to fail," she informs us. Reassuring. There's a young Jewish girl beside me. Textbook problem: mom and dad don't approve of her hippie lifestyle; worse yet, she can't stop trying to justify herself. Our leader says, "Just tell them, 'I have my reasons.' " "Yes, but then they ask me what my reasons are." "You don't have to answer. Practice in front of a mirror. Rehearse your conversational strategy. Make your tone deep, forceful." The girl taps me, whispers. "What does she think: that my voice will change? I'm not a boy; I went through puberty and nothing happened."

ASSERTIVENESS theory is as superficial as mascara. It will operate best on the verbal plane. Smith's book is full of practice dialogue. E.g.: "Andy Copes with an Angry Customer" or "Anne Returns a Pair of Defective Boots." Push-ups for the glottis. Assertiveness training means to make life into an endless Noël Coward three-acter. Here are some shifty ploys: 1) The Broken Record. (Parakeet repetition.) 2) Fogging. (Someone says, "You're hopeless." You agree cheerfully, "I guess that's right.") 3) Negative Inquiry. (Critic complains, "You're insensitive." You



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nod and ask, "Is there anything else I'm doing wrong?") Counter intransigence with repetition, insults with amiable concurrence: might as well punch Tar Baby. The tactics are shallow, contemptible. Smith doesn't tell us what would happen if Anne returned her defective boots to Andy. Broken Record *v.* The Fog: a couple of gas clouds passing each other.

Guilt, in reasonable measure, is a very fine thing. At times people are hopeless, insensitive, whatever. More should be required of them than just an improvement in repartee. Ironic: year after year the exigent Zeitgeist told us we were responsible for racism and Watergate and war. Abruptly, in 1976, absolution has been declared. "I don't care" is chic. And the irrational. Assertiveness, you note, cranks up a sophistic assault on reason. We are all cunning rhetoricians now. Liberal dogma will assign or cancel guilt arbitrarily. It cannot handle particular problems in a logical context: those problems are subtle, and the group workshop approach is blunt. Consensus implies a slogan mentality. We are to blame, in person, either for Martin Luther King Jr.'s death or for nothing at all.

Ten o'clock. The workshop is finishing. Our leader says, "Ah. That will be four dollars each." I set my voice at its staff announcer level.

"You wasted our time. I'm not paying four dollars."

"Oh. Uh?" She looks down, into a rickety lap. The asserter asserted.

I don't feel sorry. We've given her permission to fail. □

FILM

HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

Mythical New York

Views unpleasant and views pleasant. New York seen through the lens of current disgust and through the lens of enhancing nostalgia. *Taxi Driver*, a film by Martin Scorsese, drags its audiences through the nightmare of 1976 Times Square-flavored muck; *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, the work of Paul Mazursky, bathes them clean with the way it was back in the good old days of 1953. On a double bill, if they should ever be paired, they could compete at appropriately close quarters for the fantasy-of-the-year award.

Neither rings true. For *Next Stop* this matters little—in fact, it is really the point—since its author extends an invitation to share in the illusions that the passing of decades constructs. Mazursky's intentions are strictly rose-tinted. *Taxi Driver*, however, relies very strongly on the recognition factor: our nerves are meant to jangle in response to the recreation on screen of the urban *Angst* we are assumed to know so well. They don't.

Taxi Driver tries very hard. Like a running meter, basic details about its main character tick off. When they are finished piling up, they offer a subliterate psychotic with such a bad case of insomnia that all he wants to do is hack it up and down the garbage-strewn boulevards of Manhattan 18 hours a day. The man is plausible, but he is seen totally from without, in spite of actor Robert De Niro's great talents.

What we are given is an Arthur Bremer stand-in, complete with voice-over diary narration, who sees his mission in life as one of annihilation, if not of a political figure, then of the low types he encounters during his superabundant behind-the-wheel hours. The progress of an unintelligent yet complex social reject toward orgasmic destruction could be fascinating, but Scorsese and writer Paul Schrader are not equipped to guide this trajectory. They rely instead on clichés and on confrontations that move their subject in no particular direction. Worse, they ask their actors to improvise dialogue, a technique that guarantees instant loss of credibility. At best, one laughs at some lines Peter Boyle, as a background cabbie, gets off, but it's the frolicsome actor's mind cutting up that elicits the chuckles; they are not words natural to Wizard, the role he plays.

Scorsese exhibits a tin eye as well as a tin ear. His cinematographic approach is unabashedly romantic, going so far as to use montages of blurring traffic lights, meter close-ups, and searing headlights over a 1950s-style, perspiring beat-of-the-city score by the late Bernard Herrmann for bridging sequences. Parts of the final bloodletting are done in slow motion, a juxtaposition of gore and ballet played out by Sam Peckinpah. Instead of horrifying, the slaughter mischievously reminds one of the Sherwin-Williams paint logo, "We cover the world," and in a faulty shade of red besides.

Mean Streets, Scorsese's first major feature, impressed as an honest and hard-working translation of the author's deep-rooted preoccupation with his youth in New York's Italian ghetto. It was a promising debut. This was followed by *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, a solid box-office hit but a film of unsettled tone in its exploration of Southwestern mores. *Taxi Driver* returns Scorsese to New York, but he has come back with a surprising lack of authenticity. One is reminded of the John Cassavetes pattern: early, striking powers of observation applied to the limited horizons of adolescence, powers that subsequently dissipate into pretentious humbug.

WHAT IS SO refreshing about *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, in contrast, is its complete lack of self-importance. In fact, Mazursky forgoes the Sunday philosophizing of the Zeitgeisty *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* and navel-centered *Alex in Wonderland* to dwell with comedic aplomb on his Bohemian beginnings in show business. The film is small-scale on purpose, and because Mazursky handles it so well, it not only entertains but says something about his own maturity as an artist. No, it's not a significant milestone in the annals of cinema, but this director probably realizes he should stick to subjects that do not take him very far from what is most likely not an especially complicated creative sensibility.

Nor is *Next Stop* a particularly original film. Run *Enter Laughing*, *Amarcord*, and *The Actress* through the blender and you'd have it—a sort of Jewish *Hearts of the West*. Via Mazursky's prism—fogged by more than twenty years of remembering—we live through a young man's flight from

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Brooklyn and from a mother among mothers to set up as an actor in naughty lower Manhattan. It's the time of Eisenhower, the Rosenbergs, Brando worship, MacDougal Street existentialists, peasant blouses, and "finding oneself." The hero falls in with a ready-made set of Villageites, has a romance, fights off his family, goes to drama school, and lands a part in a movie. Naturally, he grows: from joke-prone callowness to acceptance of what he has come from and of the people around him, and to a perspective on fate's whimsies.

True to the operation of memory, the linear logic of scenes is not stressed to such an extent that it would undermine the impressionistic haze that permeates the film. Although some moments are set up specifically as the reveries of the hero (wonderfully portrayed by Lenny Baker), the whole retains a much more subtle and carefully controlled kind of unreality. The attitude toward period detail is part of this process: respectful but not compulsive. More importantly, Mazursky is able to impose a distance, so that we experience the incidents through him and not through any of his characters. The New York of *Next Stop, Greenwich Village* may be no more true than Scorsese's contemporary gutters, but at least it represents an impetus that can transmit its distortions straight. *Taxi Driver*, with all its crude gear shifting, goes right off the road. □

DELECTATIONS

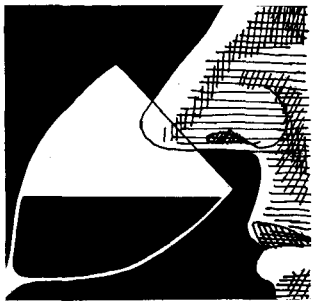
NIKA HAZELTON

New York Wines

It is interesting to see how the changing tastes of America's wine drinkers are affecting the wine production of New York State. Before I go into details, a few words about the differences between New York State and California wines, or, in other words, between the wines of the Northeastern and the Western United States.

Traditionally, the wines of New York (and the rest of the East) have been made from several varieties of the native *vitis labrusca* grapes, which have, to a greater or lesser degree, an unmistakably grapey, somewhat musky smell and taste—the Concord Catawba, for example. California, which produces about ten times as much wine as New York, makes its wines from varieties of *vitis vinifera*, the wine grape of Europe and the rest of the wine-making world. *Vitis labrusca* and its hybrids, being native, do not suffer from the often extreme cold and damp climates of the Northeast; they are resistant to pests and diseases, and are prolific bearers. California, with its generally balmy and even climate, is well-suited to the more delicate European *vitis vinifera*, the grape of the fine wines of the world, which has set the standards for wine quality.

There are differences between the wine-making methods of the East and the West. *Labrusca* grapes have a low sugar, high acid content that generally makes for wines that are far too harsh to drink, so federal laws allow the addition of up to 35 per cent water and sugar to the end product in a process called amelioration. In this context, let us remember that the adding of sugar is a legal and accepted practice in Burgundy and in Germany. In California, the problem is somewhat different: in some of the warmer regions, the grapes may be too sweet and not acidic enough for the necessary balance in a wine. This problem can be remedied—legally—by adding acids.



Another way to make more palatable wine from *labrusca* grapes is by adding an out-of-state wine. The law says that for a wine to be labeled New York State, at least 75 per cent of it must be made from New York States grapes. The rest can come from anywhere and usually comes from California; it is shipped in bulk to the Eastern wineries.

New York State wines have always had a large and loyal following. The New York State sparkling wines and sherries are of a high quality and are admired even by those who prefer the *vinifera* wines. The *labrusca* taste to which these people object is almost totally absent from the finished product; I am thinking primarily of Great Western and Gold Seal champagnes and of Widmer sherries, fine wines all.

In this country, over the last ten years, there has been a great revival of interest in wine drinking, and in dry table wines in particular. As wine drinkers became more sophisticated, the manufacturers of New York State wines strove for a less pronounced *labrusca* flavor. They were aided in their efforts by the availability of large amounts of inexpensive California bulk wines made from the local California *vinifera* grapes. Today, even the popular-priced wines of, for instance, Taylor and Widmer bear little resemblance to the old *labrusca* wines of New York; they are pleasant, reliable wines that appeal to the public, which likes not too dry red and white wines. In general, the wines made from native white grapes are better than those made from the native reds, because they have a more acceptable sugar-acid balance.

How to bring their wines up to a more sophisticated level has been a matter of considerable debate among New York State wineries. One of the arguments concerns the growing of *vinifera* grapes, which used to be considered far too difficult and expensive given New York's climate. The French hybrids have provided a solution to the problem. They are the result of numerous crosses between native varieties and *vinifera*, and combine the hardiness of the former with the taste qualities of the latter. A group of French breeders developed hundreds of such hybrids in the late 1800s, which were introduced into this country in the 1930s. Though the quality of the wines made from these hybrids varies, I can say from personal experience that almost all of them are most acceptable and pleasant table wines. They are not as complex as some *vinifera* wines, but many taste more like European table wines than California wines do.

The New York State Agricultural Station at Geneva has been helping to satisfy the need of New York wine-makers for more varieties of hardy grapes suitable for table wines. The Station has a program to develop new varieties of wine grapes; it also offers practical advice for all grape growers and even home wine-makers. I was fascinated by the Station's small experimental winery and its collection of some 600 standard wines, which interested parties can sample. In some of the wines that I tasted, the *labrusca* flavor was hardly, if at all, noticeable. □

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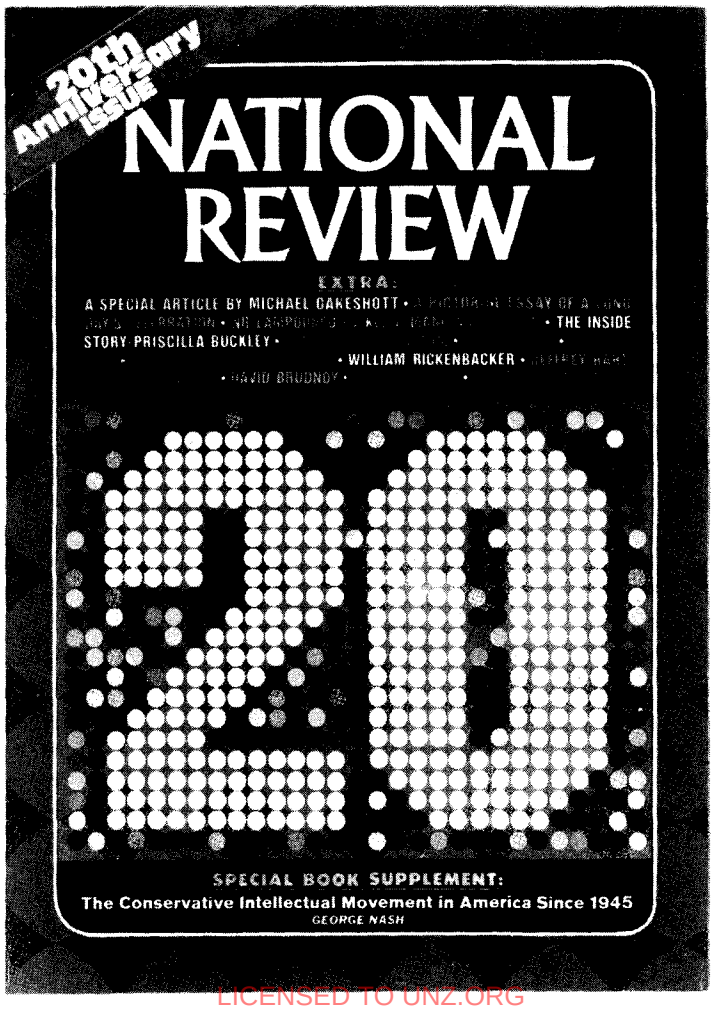

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By Richard L. Tedrow and Thomas L. Tedrow
Green Hill, 222 pp., $8.95

Robert Sherrill's *The Last Kennedy* is certainly very useful, but it does not quite live up to expectations. A year ago, Sherrill published a hard-hitting article called "Chappaquiddick Plus 5" in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*. It reminded a national audience of all the contradictions and obvious falsehoods in Kennedy's non-explanation of the disaster, and appears to have been the precipitating cause of Kennedy's public statement disavowing his presidential candidacy.

The Last Kennedy goes over the same material as the article, contains an interesting additional discussion of the sharp tactics used to accomplish a coverup and keep Kennedy out of prison, but is, strange to say, less effective than the *Times* piece. For one thing, Sherrill begins with a long section on the Kennedy background that pads the volume out to a suitable length but also blurs the focus. Here, once again, is the shabby financial career of rapacious Old Joe, the reeking maneuvers of young Jack and the others in Massachusetts politics, the breathless discovery that Teddy's liberalism is not principled—how could it be?—but self-serving and cynical. Noisome enough it all is, to be sure, but hardly worth rehashing. As expected, Sherrill is devastating on Chappaquiddick. But his conclusion that Chappaquiddick deprived the nation of a great liberal political leader is totally unexpected and of course palpably absurd on the evidence of the first 200 pages of the book.

I admit that I will read anything and everything about the Hyannisport Dorian Gray, ridiculous though that may seem. Joseph Conrad called it the "fascination of the abomination"—and it no doubt suggests that I possess a touch of decadence myself. But if you are going to read only one book about Chappaquiddick, the best one so far is the volume by Thomas and Richard Tedrow. It is terse, brief, and covers everything. It solves the problem, if there ever really was one, of what actually happened; and—need it be said? —it demolishes Teddy. In summary, the following points (among many others) emerge from Sherrill and the Tedrows:

1. The party had been a lot more alcoholic than the party-goers claimed. No one present had any intention of returning to Edgartown that night.

2. Kennedy probably did not leave the house with Miss Kopechne at 11:15 P.M., as claimed, in order to catch the ferry. If he did, an unexplained gap of ninety minutes exists between that time and 12:45 A.M., when Deputy Sheriff Look spotted Kennedy's car on Cemetery Road. At the inquest, lies were told under oath by witnesses who contradicted earlier accounts in order to support Kennedy's version.

3. Kennedy did not turn onto Dyke Road "by mistake."

4. Whether Kennedy was drunk, or sober and negligent—and he has a history of wild driving—the Oldsmobile was traveling at a speed of 40 to 50 mph when it went off the bridge. It traveled 34 feet through the air. "That kind of speed at that time and place indicates criminal homicide in any state regardless of the later conduct of fleeing the scene. . . " (Tedrow and Tedrow).

5. Kennedy escaped from the car through the open window on the driver's side. As the car hit the water on its right side, this window would have been facing upward, and the incoming water from the smashed window below would actually have aided his escape. *N.B.:* The car by no means rested in deep water. At low tide, the water depth was only five to six feet. It was low tide from 11 P.M. to midnight. Kennedy's escape hatch would have been eight to 22 inches *above* water. Even at 12:45 A.M., with the tide rising, only a foot or two of water would have covered the window. You would think that anyone but a paraplegic could have extricated the woman.

6. Careful study of the time sequence and other evidence virtually invalidates the claim that Kennedy, or Gargan and Markham, undertook "repeated" rescue attempts. Note Kennedy's claim that the current was swift. At the stated time the water was still and shallow.

7. Kennedy said he knew what time it was by looking in the Valiant they had driven back in. That Valiant had no clock.

8. Though Kennedy, supposedly in "shock," could summon Gargan and Markham, he could not summon police or other rescue help. To return to the party house, he had to pass five houses, at least two of which were brightly

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUNE TITLES: Doris Kearns chats up LBJ, or vice versa, in Miss Kearns's *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream* (Harper & Row, $12.50). . . . Let's hope the Gutenbergian version will be less sloppily pontifical than the McLuhanite: John Pearson's *The Bellamy Saga* (Praeger, $8.95), an historical novel about the *Upstairs, Downstairs* ménage. . . . Michael Kramer and Sam Roberts stole their title from their loquacious subject himself: *"I Never Wanted to Be Vice President of Anything!": An Investigative Biography of Nelson Rockefeller* (Basic, $12.50). We know, fella. . . . Eric Hoffer, the waterfront curmudgeon, has mellowed somewhat, to judge from his new collection of 32 essays, *In Our Time* (Harper & Row, $6.95). . . . Who knows, maybe BBC listeners, to whom the material in this book was originally broadcast, were surprised to learn that America was shaped by a quest for the new: *The Exploring Spirit: America and the World Then and Now* (Random House, $6.95) by Daniel Boorstin.

Far out, man! The sci-fi patriarch has been written up by his grandson, Jean Jules-Verne, in *Jules Verne: A Biography* (Taplinger, $12.50). . . . Betty Friedan gives birth to the philosophy of the "new yes" in *It Changed My Life: Writings on the Women's Movement* (Random House, $10). . . . In *How Socialism Came to America* (Harper & Row, $7.95), Peter F. Drucker explains that through "pension fund socialism" the American worker now owns a larger part of his economy than does his brother in the socialist paradises. . . . From his vantage point as Secretary of Commerce and nay-sayer to Presidents, Elliot Richardson tells you how to cope with your intractable government in *The Creative Balance: Government, Politics, and the Individual in America's Third Century* (Holt, $12.95). . . . William Appleman Williams is again up to no good in *America Confronts a Revolutionary World* (Morrow, $8.95).

■ JUNE BOOKS TO RAISE YOUR EYEBROWS: Study the feline zodiac signs in *Cat Astrology* (Morrow, $5.95) by Mary Daniels. . . . R. Dale Guthrie shows how factors like breast size and body odor win mates and influence people in *Body Hot Spots: The Anatomy of Human Social Organs and Behavior* (Van Nostrand, $8.95). . . . Hans Holzer, psychic researcher, connects more directly than Schlesinger *fils* with the ghost of Thomas Jefferson in *The Spirits of '76: A Psychic Inquiry into the American Revolution* (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.95). . . . Learn how to eat yourself back to your wet-nursing days in *Dr. Frank's No-Aging Diet: Eat and Grow Younger* (Dial, $7.95) by Dr. Benjamin S. Frank. . . . Perhaps you can discover how to grab the cheese and dodge the mousetrap in David Lewis' *Sexpionage: The Exploitation of Sex by Soviet Intelligence* (Harcourt, $7.95).

lighted. Across the street from the party house was the volunteer fire station with a glowing red light, open 24 hours a day.

9. That night, while in "shock" and supposedly unable to pull himself together, Kennedy made 17 phone calls (five before leaving the island, 12 from the Shiretown Inn). One call to Hyannisport lasted 21 minutes. He also called his lawyer, Burke Marshall (who was not at home), and his writer, Ted Sorensen. He still had not called police or rescuers.

10. By 7:30 the next morning, Mary Jo still submerged, Kennedy was dressed in spiffy sports clothes; he chatted amiably with other yachtsmen; he was evidently prepared to race again that afternoon. Some dodge was obviously in preparation as regards the accident.

11. Later that morning, now prepared to admit that he had been the driver, Kennedy had the body of Mary Jo removed from Massachusetts jurisdiction at the earliest possible moment and flown by private plane to Pennsylvania. All of the party house revelers quickly left town and with minor exceptions adopted an attitude of deep stonewall. Even Cardinal Cushing was pressed into service. He later rushed down to Pennsylvania and helped persuade the Kopechnes not to have an autopsy. The last question anyone wanted answered was whether Mary Jo died of drowning or, as seems entirely possible, of asphyxiation. The latter verdict would have meant that she had been alive for some time in the shallow water of Poucha Pond, into which Kennedy claims he repeatedly dove.

12. "Under Massachusetts law, a manslaughter charge is mandatory when someone leaves the scene of an accident in which there has been a fatality and negligence is proved" (Sherrill). But through luck and shrewd tactics, the Kennedy team managed to manipulate the legal process and protect the Edgartown Alcibiades.

The idea that this fellow could run for national office is ridiculous. Compared with Teddy, Tom Eagleton was a sure winner. Even as a vice presidential candidate, Teddy would ruin a ticket with George Washington at the top of it. □

World of Our Fathers
By Irving Howe, with the assistance of Kenneth Libo
Harcourt, 714 pp., $14.95

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

JACOB NEUSNER

Can you talk with your grandfather? Do you understand him? Does he tell you stories? Of course. Continuity of generations for Americans of old American ancestry is one of life's natural moorings. But not for Jewish, Italian, Polish, Armenian, Bohemian, and Greek Americans. Third-generation Americans all, they try to remember what their parents successfully forgot: memories of roots, beginnings, origins. Living with no perceived past, they define a Jewish, or Italian, or Polish identity solely within the limited context of American life. To be a Jew in America is to be a *kind* of American. Jewish organizational affairs, Jewish culture—all take their measure from the common life of the majority around them. Studying the Jews (and their ethnic counterparts) teaches one much about American society.

Yet it was not always so. The Jews who came to America and produced the present community successfully transplanted a distinctive and deeply particular Jewish life, the complex and highly nuanced Yiddish-speaking and Yiddish-thinking world of Eastern Europe. In its first—and last—generation upon American shores, the spirit of that life glowed in a last intense light, then expired in a deliberate act of cultural annihilation and spiritual vandalism committed by the second generation. In this stunning, eloquent, monumental work—a triumph of sustained and brilliant narrative—Irving Howe recaptures the intense and vivid life of the immigrant generation. His book is, quite simply, the finest work of historical literature ever written on American Jews: it stands alongside Oscar Hand-

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lin's classic *The Uprooted* in its capacity to evoke life and to penetrate its depths. Here is where we started. Here is who we were, without tears or panegyrics.

Howe sees "nothing glamorous about poverty, nothing admirable about deprivation, nothing enviable about suffering." However, the austere life of the immigrants, wasted in sweatshops and diminished in dark, dirty tenements, does not represent the core of Jewish experience in the New World. Rather, says Howe, what constitutes that core is "an ability to forge a community of moral order even while remaining subject to a society of social disorder, and a persuasion that human existence is a deeply serious matter for which all of us are finally accountable." The immigrant generation asked—and remembered to answer—the formidable questions now posed by their grandchildren: "How shall we live? What are the norms by which we can make judgments of the 'good life'? Which modes of conduct may enable us to establish a genuine community?" These perennial questions bespeak a deeply conservative view of life and culture, a belief that life did not commence yesterday and will not come to an end tomorrow. It is because of the loss of this capacity to grasp the eternal that the present generation finds itself adrift in a sea of confusion, chaos, amoral aimlessness.

But what if one knows whence he comes and whither he goes? What sort of community is shaped by people who know who they are? The shank of Howe's book describes not the origins of the nightmarish journey or that journey itself, but the world the immigrants made upon their arrival, the home these aliens and strangers created. What made that world remarkable was its flexibility, its ability to respond to the new world with the resources of the old. The Jewish immigrants did not and could not remake the life they had known. Instead, they made something new out of the millennial religious culture of the Yiddish civilization of Eastern Europe. Two massive forces, one the community on New York City's East Side, the other the Yiddish culture in America—the Jewish writers, actors, scholar-intellectuals, press—form the center of the book. At the end comes the melancholy story of the dispersion into the American heartland.

The life of the Jewish ghetto begins in the process of settling down, a process that occurred between 1881 and World War I. Turning anthropologist, Howe describes the Jewish way of life in America, the inner world of the people: how they raised their children and suffered their loss. He tells the story of the Jewish labor movement and socialist parties, the movement of Jews into city and state politics. Then come the "journeys outward," the story of the immigrants who addressed America and found a hearing. Howe leaves nothing out, ignores no element of life. For a moment we re-enter that age in which young men and women—the immigrants were commonly teenagers — engaged in an extraordinary act of courage, migration to a new land, and achieved an amazing thing: the reconstruction of the elements of the old into something neither entirely familiar nor wholly alien. The human costs were tremendous, and the human triumph full of tragedy.

WHAT DID THE immigrants contribute to their new world and to their progeny? Howe speaks not only for the immigrants but for their grandchildren: "Their greatest contribution has been less what America has accepted than what it has resisted: such distinctive traits of the modern Jewish spirit . . . as an eager restlessness, a moral anxiety, an openness to novelty, a hunger for dialectic, a refusal of contentment, an ironic criticism of all fixed opinions." Still, if this is what they gave, then how much of that heritage can their children and grandchildren—who are still restless, anxious, open to the new, discontented—be said to have rejected? Are they not perhaps as Messianic in consciousness and spirit as those who, a century ago, set forth from the East to find a better world in the West? □

The Life of Bertrand Russell
By Ronald W. Clark
Knopf, 766 pp., $17.50
The Tamarisk Tree: My Quest for Liberty and Love
By Dora Russell
Putnam, 304 pp., $9.95

BERTIE'S FLAW

GABRIEL GERSH

Any biographer of Bertrand Russell labors under many disadvantages. First, he must suffer from the fact that Russell, who died in 1970, is, because of his public declarations about the Vietnam War and the H-bomb, still a controversial figure. Secondly, he must contend with a specialized body of literature dealing with Russell's multifaceted career. And thirdly, Russell's life of action and contemplation, with its romantic and rationalistic elements in uneasy equilibrium, is difficult to put into the right perspective.

At the same time, however, a biographer of Lord Russell also enjoys certain advantages. Not only did Russell live to a very old age, but he was a great letter writer, kept a private journal, and wrote his autobiography. Moreover, this particular writer, Mr. Clark, was granted access to many Russell documents, including those in the Bertrand Russell Archive in Canada.

Thus his lengthy book is actually a masterpiece of compression that is unlikely to be matched for some time. Despite a few solecisms early in the book, Mr. Clark has succeeded in writing a highly readable narrative with a pace that never slackens. One would have liked for him to give us—difficult though it might have been—a detailed analysis of Russell's best-known works. Though Russell's impact on his times transcended his achievements as an intellectual, it is on the latter that his more enduring fame rests.

Russell's autobiography was a scrappy, ill-arranged work in which he understated the wild inconsistencies of his public declarations and omitted much about his many love affairs. Mr. Clark

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shows us that Russell the prophet was even more extreme and irresponsible than we had supposed, and that the private man thrived on his notoriety and his many amorous conquests. D. H. Lawrence's remark, "Poor Bertie Russell. He is all disembodied mind," is surely one of the most ludicrous failures of intuition in literary history.

The turning point in Russell's life, as his autobiography and Mr. Clark's book confirm, occurred at the end of World War I when, after a love affair with Lady Ottoline Morrell, he transformed himself into the public figure with whom we are acquainted. It was as if he had lived life backward, saving the adventures of his youth—the romantic interludes, the militant political activity, prison terms, scandals, sit-ins—for the years of maturity.

MR. CLARK'S treatment of Russell's politics is the most adequate part of the book. The cold war, with its political tensions and nuclear dangers, made Russell's name a rallying point for many agitators. But whatever Russell's changes of position, his exaggerations and falsehoods, he was never deceived, as were so many other liberals and progressives, by the Kremlin's version of democracy. Meeting with Lenin and Trotsky in 1920, he became disenchanted with Communism and predicted exactly its cruel and repressive course.

Of all the well-known personalities who stalk through Mr. Clark's pages, the most interesting are D. H. Lawrence and Ludwig Wittgenstein. Bemused by a shared mood of rebelliousness, Russell at first imagined that he and Lawrence had aims in common. In retrospect, the schism between the man of intuitive insight and the rationalist seems inevitable; it is surprising that Russell and he should ever have hailed each other as partners in the world's redemption. Mr. Clark gives us an excellent sketch of the relations between Russell and Wittgenstein, whose homosexuality Russell found unpleasant although it did not prevent him from acknowledging, with clarity and finality, the merit of Wittgenstein's work.

Mr. Clark's assessment of Russell strives to be fair, but to this evenhandedness Dora Russell's memoirs, *The Tamarisk Tree*, are a passionate corrective. Dora, whose ardent feminism was a portent of the women's liberation movement, was Russell's second wife. She was unwise enough to assume that he was as serious about free love and freedom in marriage as she was. She forgave him his sexual adventures, but he could not pardon her for having a child by another man. After the marriage ended, she discovered further proof of his disinclination to forgive. But these unpleasant experiences did not embitter her; she retains a certain loyalty to him that has never weakened.

Dora writes that Russell was too intellectual a man to accept Freud's theories, which she comically maligns. Perhaps Russell rejected Freud because his own childhood was so emotionally deprived. The experiences of his early years may explain why Russell retained throughout his life the self-absorbed ruthlessness of a child: capable of great affection and passion, but always incapable of understanding the feelings of others. (This limitation did not rule out his concern for the fate of humanity; his vision of the horrors that could befall mankind was an intellectual one that demanded no special understanding of particular individuals.)

The major impression that emerges from these two books is that of the discrepancy between Russell's intellectual perception and his lack of understanding of human beings—a flaw that is fatal to a proper understanding of politics and history. In a flash of humanist insight, George Santayana summed up Russell very well when he wrote: "There is a strange mixture in him, of great ability and great disability; prodigious capacity, brilliance here—astonishing unconsciousness and want of perception there." Russell's qualities, Santayana concluded, seemed to be those of "a species somewhat different from man." □

The Unspeakable Confessions of Salvador Dali
As told to André Parinaud
Morrow, 300 pp., $10

PAST TENSE

RUTH BERENSON

Bored with *Penthouse*? *Oui*? *Screw*? Are you into any of the 96 perversions named and catalogued, if not discovered, by Herr Professor Krafft-Ebing? Do you yearn for a love affair with your dead father? Or do you like flies as love partners? Then *The Unspeakable Confessions of Salvador Dali* is just what your doctor (who is, I assume, a colleague of the late great Dr. Mabuse) ordered—that is, if he thinks you're prepared to wade through a lot of pseudo-psychoanalytic claptrap to get to the dirty parts.

Dali has written lots of books designed to shock and titillate. This one —perhaps because even he, with all his resourcefulness, is hard put to compete with Alex Comfort, O, Norman Mailer, and the above-mentioned virtuosos of porn—is the most explicit, as well as the most boring. It is also rather sad. For Dali was (alas! the past tense is operative) an artist with a magic brush, a maker of images of hallucinatory intensity —those unforgettable limp watches, for instance — which, once seen, continue to haunt the memory.

Even his early Dadaistic antics, carefully contrived though they were, were celebrations of artistic integrity: when he shattered Bonwit Teller's Fifth Avenue window after the store altered his display, he struck a telling blow for the primacy of art over commerce. And his 1934 break with Surrealists André Breton and Louis Aragon, prompted by his disgust with their party-lining toadying to Marx, took some courage in view of the Stalinist complexion of the radical chic of those days. Dali's respect for the art of the past was also unorthodox and forward-looking: he praised the eccentric architecture of his fellow Catalan, Antonio Gaudí, and the Art Nouveau sinuosities of Hector Guimard's Métro stations at a time when they were anathema to purist disciples of Corbusier; his admiration for the meticulous illusionism of the painter Meissonier was equally daring in the avant-garde circles he frequented.

He was always as much of a clown as an artist, if not more, because of his overweening lust for fame; for him it was a choice, as he proclaims in one of his chapter heads, between "Success or Stupidity." He must have suffered a gnawing disbelief in his talent, for since boyhood, by his own account, he has

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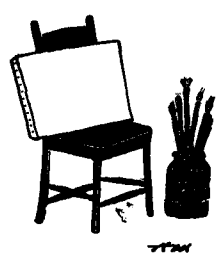
spent far more time and energy calling attention to his own persona than to his art, and his truly productive period in the late Twenties and Thirties soon petered out, unable to withstand the debilitating effects of his postwar American success. His work over the past twenty years is *kitsch* of the most banausic sort, as witness the National Gallery's sickly *Last Supper*, a travesty of Leonardo da Vinci's work presented as religious art, or the even more sentimental *Dream of Columbus* of 1959, which must make the shade of Velasquez long to vomit. These days Dali's main occupation is making copper plates for the Franklin Mint ("I like to start the day by earning $20,000"), purveyor of limited editions to the masses. *The Unspeakable Confessions*, compiled by the French journalist André Parinaud, seems yet another attempt at mass appeal—but it's safe to predict that porn aficionados will have a rough time of it between the dirty parts, while readers, especially those interested in Dali as an artist, will find nothing but a rehash of what they already knew of him.



Dali is 72 years old; most of his pals from Surrealism's palmy days are dead. Except for Picasso, and, curiously, Willem de Kooning, he has little use for painters he has known, dismissing Max Ernst, for instance, as "quite incapable of grasping what the phenomenon of beauty is . . . a mere illustrator." I caught a glimpse of him last year at the Guggenheim Museum's Ernst retrospective, elegantly garbed in black corduroy, cape, and inevitable silver-headed cane, his moustache waxed to a cork-screw. Arm-in-arm with a Sweet Young Thing, he strolled nonchalantly down the Guggenheim ramp, eyes carefully averted from the paintings; when he came to one of the fading photos of long ago Surrealist gatherings, he stopped and peered at it intently with a magnifying glass, hurrying on as soon as he had discerned himself. It was a Saturday and the museum was crowded, but no one asked him for his autograph; despite his distinctive appearance, no one even seemed to wonder who he was: I think I was alone in recognizing him. For someone who has spent his life stimulating the shock of recognition of himself, it must have been hard to take—and I was not surprised to see him head for the door. I felt sorry for him, and I'm sorry he wrote this book. □

The Flower and the Nettle: Diaries and Letters 1936-39
By Anne Morrow Lindbergh
Harcourt, 605 pp., $12.95

THE TOTAL WOMAN

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Anne Morrow Lindbergh's pre-World War II diaries and letters—the fourth installment, *The Flower and the Nettle*, covering the years 1936-39, brings us up to her husband Charles's decision to return home from France to America, where his knowledge of comparative air strengths was wanted in Washington—express a whole woman that bothers most reviewers. She is such an excellent stylist, even in her most casual midnight jottings, that uneasy editors who have resented or been embarrassed by one phase or another of the Lindbergh family's politics have not dared treat her with the yo-heave-ho of omission.

But what to play up and what to ignore? Anne writes with such sensitive intimacy about "women's problems" (running her European homes at Long Barn on the Sussex downs and at Illiec on the French coast, caring for her sons Jon and Land with their childhood triumphs and disasters, coping with her difficulties in combining the "creative" life with the desire to be unstinting as wife and mother) that it is easy to give her "women's page" treatment. No controversy here, although the more intransigent modern women's libber might take exception to her subordination of a career to being a help to her husband.

The "women's page" approach must, however, inevitably result in vital distortions. For the truth is that Anne Lindbergh's greatest skill as a diarist is her ability to look at men and women in public life in an absolutely unbluffed way. *The Flower and the Nettle* is a compound of private confessions and devastating political commentary on the public life of the late Thirties that reveals Anne Lindbergh as smarter than most male observers in her judgment of character and assessment of civilizations.

Her husband, in response to demands from our War and State Departments and from the French government, made those trips from England and France to Nazi Germany for which he was so roundly criticized for fraternizing with monsters. Well, he went to the Third Reich on one occasion with a mission to help the beleaguered German Jews. The idea was to get him next to his fellow flier Goering at a dinner with a plea that somehow the case for letting Jews emigrate with a little money be presented in a winning way to Hitler.

Goering chose on that occasion to hand Lindbergh a medal (the "albatross," in Anne's spontaneous description). Charles could hardly turn the medal down without wrecking his mission at the outset. Nevertheless, the unspeakable Harold Ickes, in a vicious denunciation, used the medal against him—an event that only proves the perils inherent in doing secret work for one's country, then as now.

ALL THIS IS PART of the still generally unrectified history of a misunderstood patriot and hero, and it is part of Anne's book. But the "flower" of the Lindberghs' trips into totalitarian territory is the picture of the *nouveau riche* Fascists. There is General Goering "blazoned in a white coat, with gold braid, good-looking, young, colossal—an inflated Alcibiades . . . he shakes my hand without looking at me—at least only with veiled eyes." They go through "long large high halls" to a place where Goering sits on a couch with a pet lion sprawling over him. Suddenly a box is called for—the "water closet." But it is too late. The lion "dribbles on the uniform . . . Someone laughs. Goering leaps up and throws him away . . . he explains, 'Just like a child,' and mock-scolds the lion."

On Unter den Linden the crowds are "unattractive, untidy, perspiring, heavy, and yet not evil-looking . . . the small children look pasty and anemic." Yet the "shops are shining, smart, full, bustling. The German men knock you right off the street . . ." Anne could have taken the crude energy of it all, but at the exhibitions nothing was left out "except always the Jews, and Jewish names and works." The omissions

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made her uneasy . . . this was as early as August of 1936.

In Soviet Russia everything was set up for the Lindberghs by the pro-Russian Colonel Faymonville, who later turned out to have been right about Hitler's inability to conquer savage winters and the ever-lengthening distances. Charles, having seen German and American plane factories, was not impressed with Soviet air power. As for Anne, her picture of Russia was of "two men . . . standing together at a slight distance, watching us with half-shut eyes, saying to each other (it was obvious even though in Russian) 'So-and-so is talking a lot to so-and-so.'" The inhibitions of Russian life were depressing almost beyond belief.

Anne Lindbergh's pictures of the pre-World War II world are all as they were set down at the time. It was like that, one says; yes, it was like that, even to the widespread naïveté about the possibility of deflecting Hitler to the East, which, truth to tell, would have been a good thing if it could have been made to happen. We missed on that one, but wouldn't it be helpful today if the Soviets and the Red Chinese were really to collide? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

IMPERIAL EARTH, *by Arthur C. Clarke (Harcourt, Brace, 303 pp., $7.95).* Travel with Duncan Makenzie, scion of Titan's important hydrogen industry, as he accepts an invitation to speak at the July 4, 2276 festivities in Washington. Duncan has, appropriately, five reasons for making this journey: diplomatic, since the Makenzies dominate the political life of Titan; romantic, since the lost love of his youth, the glamorous Calindy, is a Terran; sentimental, since he was cloned on Earth, but can't remember seeing it before; intellectual, since, like most offworlders, he's curious about the civilization from which all human communities in the solar system sprang; and, perhaps most important of all, domestic, since only on Earth can he arrange for the cloning of an heir. This novel has as many angles as the geometric figures that so fascinated Duncan as a boy. Its dozen or so noticeable faults are extremely minor, although some readers may be offended by the futuristic treatment of sex, which is, to put it mildly, startling. All such reservations aside, *Imperial Earth* is a book nobody should miss. It's an utterly delightful tale, suspenseful and moving, full of unexpected chuckles and stunning surprises right up to the last sentence, all related with wry humor, scholarly intelligence, and extraordinary charm. STEVE OWNBEY

THE MOVIES ON YOUR MIND, *by Harvey R. Greenberg, MD (Dutton, 273 pp., $10.95; paper, $4.95).* Dr. Greenberg, a New York psychiatrist, uses the cinema as a Rorschach test—a plausible and, as his examples show, persuasive technique. But after briefly touching on this, he abandons his story of the influence of movies on his patients' minds and undertakes a sort of psychoanalysis of several movies: *The Movies on My Couch* might be a more accurate title for his book. And fascinating it is, especially his dissections of *The Wizard of Oz* (little girl lost—and found), *The Maltese Falcon* (even paranoids have enemies), *Casablanca* (if it's so schmaltzy, why am I weeping?), and a wide assortment of sci-fi and horror flicks. American historians may argue that *Oz* is actually a crypto-Populist tract in Depression-era drag, but Dr. Greenberg captivates with his interpretation of Dorothy's trip as a metaphor for the psychological journey every adolescent must make. His is, in fact, the most convincing analysis of that film I've yet come across, whisking us along with Good Mother and Bad Mother, phallic symbols and separation traumata, Electra complexes and projection syndromes: all quite delightful. The book is better thought through than written out; many cuts above rock-bottom pop Freud but somewhat burdened by jargon, and sometimes, as even in his convincing explication of *Psycho*, it tends to pickle a film in psychiatric mumbo-jumbo. Still, film lovers should like it; rival shrinks will likely wince. DAVID BRUDNOY

THE ECONOMICS OF LEGAL RELATIONSHIPS: *Readings in the Theory of Property Rights, edited by Henry Manne* (West, 660 pp., $17.95). A long overdue salvo in the *Kulturkampf* of jurisprudence, Professor Manne's modestly labeled *Readings* are in fact a vigorous intellectual restatement of *meum* and *tuum* in the mode of Sir Edward Coke, who called them "the great pronouns of the law." Thanks to the modish dichotomy of rights into personal and property, the ancient institutions of the law—property, contract, etc.—have had very little house of late; the *Readings* may do something to right the balance. Professor Manne has gracefully resisted the temptation to put his own foot forward and indeed saved the best for last, winding up the effort with his own delightful "Parable of the Parking Lots," an exercise in spoof that ranks with David Reisman's *Nylon War*. The "Parable" comes not a bit too soon, for the selections move slowly, though they do pick up speed toward the end. Given the current climate of law school opinion, the chances for widespread adoption are slim —which is a shame because the *Readings* are the perfect antidote to the jurisprudence of liberalism, now collapsing under its own intellectual superstructure. GERALD T. DUNNE

A GANG OF PECKSNIFFS, *and Other Comments on Newspaper Publishers, Editors, and Reporters, by H. L. Mencken, Selected, Edited, and Introduced with a Profile of Mencken as Newsman by Theo Lippman Jr. (Arlington House, 206 pp., $8.95).* I have never known a maxim to be so effectively exploded as the old caveat "never judge a book by its cover" is exploded by the jacket photo, which tells all: a pudgy man, sweating in an open-necked shirt crossed by a pair of braces, sitting in a corner of a drab hotel room racing a traveling clock and grabbing a fact from a pamphlet before setting a typewriter key to the rolled paper before him. Many of the essays and reviews here reproduced are the repetitive performances of a working journalist who wrote too much; often, the differences between cityroom confections and the leisured productions from the Baltimore townhouse are blatant, even shocking. Some of these articles, in short, show how very pedestrian a writer of Mencken's talents can be. But they also show that Mencken had a far more sensible view of the nature and role of the press than many of his colleagues, and most of his successors. He defended journalism written with a bias—but he insisted that that bias be made a fact of common recognition. He believed that newspaper work, especially reporting, was "the life of Kings"; but, because he lacked the smug sense of moral and intellectual uniqueness that is inculcated in journalists hatched in the Ivy League and the journalism schools, as well as the arrogant paranoia so remarkable in pressmen today, he held no brief for the notion of the divine mission of the press in a democratic society. Thus he was capable of telling many dirty little secrets about his profession without succumbing to the nagging feeling that by his honesty he was subverting Our Democratic Institutions. "No newspaper," he wrote, "carrying on a crusade against a man, ever does it fairly and decently; not many of them even make the pretense [well, not so much *then*, perhaps]. On the contrary, they always do it extravagantly and cruelly, pursuing him with dishonest innuendo, denying him his day in court, seeking to intimidate his friends. The practice, I believe, is disastrous to newspapers and to newspaper men. The fact that they fight behind breastworks, against an enemy who can't strike back, makes poltroons of them. That sort of thing is not war; it is lynching. . . ." Cut, Xerox, and mail to your least favorite columnist to paste into his typewriter-case. CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[JAMES B.] CARDWELL:

Re Social Security.

It would be a terrible mistake for the society to condition its current generation now coming into the labor market not to worry about its old age or have the attitude "the government will take care of you." . . . The government is not going to take care of you. It's still taxes.

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HARRIGAN

(Continued from page 496)

vermine Maritime Intelligence and Communications Center monitors vessels in a vast ocean area extending to North America, South America, the South Pole, and India. The position of ships within this oceanic region can be ascertained and displayed within seconds, and communicated directly to the United States. It is a key installation in the defenses of the Free World, though little is said about it. Surely it is time for U.S. leaders to spell out not only the importance of these facilities but also the strategic and industrial importance of all of South Africa. To allow it to be assaulted, let alone overrun, by Soviet proxy forces would be a mistake of the greatest magnitude.

Despite the Hate South Africa syndrome, it is hard to believe that Americans will long tolerate an escalation of the Soviet-Cuban effort in southern Africa, or that our national leadership, strategically muddled as it may be, is completely unaware that the Republic of South Africa constitutes part of the core strength of the Western world. Surely, our more responsible officials know that a Soviet-Cuban assault on South Africa would strike at the West's oil jugular.

The essential step is for the United States Government to warn the Soviets —and warn them convincingly—that fresh aggression in southern Africa is truly intolerable to America.

It is evident that a sizable element in Congress would oppose any active U.S. response to Soviet aggression in southern Africa—or anywhere else, for that matter. Nevertheless, the President of the United States is not without powerful means of influencing or deterring Soviet action. The options in the case of a new Soviet-Cuban thrust in southern Africa include cutting off grain to the Soviet Union, an air-sea blockade of Cuba, severe pressure on countries affording Cuban planes refueling privileges, interdiction of Cuban planes by U.S. carrier planes, and transfer of so-called "smart" bombs and other advanced weapons to the South Africans in order to give them a marked qualitative edge in their defenses.

The strategic stakes in southern Africa must be spelled out to the American people by their President, even as Senator Barry Goldwater spelled them out this winter when he said: "We must undertake international commitments only when these are clearly in our national interest, which is that of preserving a global balance of power. This is the role that history has placed upon the shoulders of the United States—that of preventing any one power or group of powers from obtaining a total hegemony over the planet."

The United States' failure to respond to a new Soviet-Cuban thrust in southern Africa would give assent to a fundamental change in the world balance of power—to the peril of free nations. □

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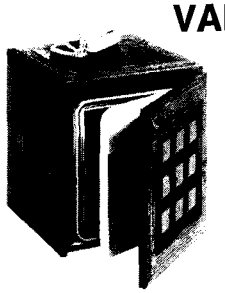

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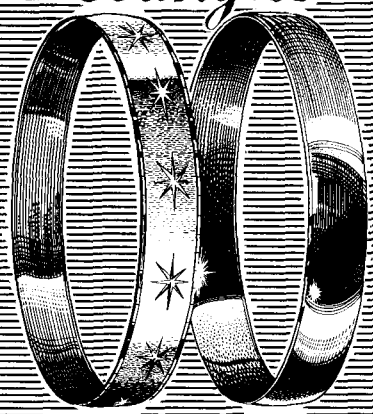

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Understanding Solzhenitsyn

On The Right

New York, May 4—*Time* magazine has never quite got over being the last word on all subjects, in a world about which very little can be more safely said than that a) U.S. leadership has by and large followed the trendy advice of Time, Inc.; and b) the world is in an advanced stage of decomposition. Most recently it accosted the problem of Solzhenitsyn.

That problem recently struck again in a BBC television broadcast (presented in America under the auspices of my own program, *Firing Line*) which rocked Great Britain, and was called by the *Wall Street Journal* "one of the most important pieces of TV journalism ever, and spellbinding besides." The attempt to disparage it through misunderstanding and superciliousness is an aspect of the problem Solzhenitsyn is talking about.

He is most allergic, as others are who seek to understand him, to the argument that the only alternative to following the course of detente is nuclear obliteration. Unerringly, *Time* magazine concludes its brief analysis with the sentence, "If he was right in his broadcast, the only alternative is the Apocalypse."

Well, this isn't true. Solzhenitsyn is not advocating nuclear war. Nor is he advocating policies that would lead to a nuclear war. He is advocating policies that would save the West from the attrition of its power and prestige. As regards nuclear arms, Solzhenitsyn states specifically that he doubts they would ever be used by the Soviet Union. Because the "Soviet Union does not even need nuclear arms; you can be taken with bare hands."

It is with bare hands that the Soviet Union espies victory in Italy, followed by victory in France. In its most important salient in Portugal last year, a total of six people were killed, and the westernmost member of NATO very nearly slipped into the Soviet camp. That is what Solzhenitsyn means by the use of bare hands. The reflection is not on the strength of the Soviet Union, but on the weakness of the West.

Time magazine, seeking to undermine the effect of Solzhenitsyn's broadcast, appeals to Authority. "Most sober observers of world affairs are not likely to fall under his spell. Example: Sovietologist Richard Lowenthal has sorrowfully expressed his amazement at Solzhenitsyn's 'utter disaccord with the facts of recent international history.' Lowenthal points out that not all defeats for the West, as for instance in Indochina, are caused by surrender . . . but can be the result of local forces."

To bring on Sovietologist Richard Lowenthal to confute the vision of Solzhenitsyn is on the order of invoking Naziologist Walter Winchell to dispose of a speech by Winston Churchill. It is as obvious that many defeats are caused by internal conditions, as it was obvious to Churchill that Europe had to fear the strength of Hitler only in context of the weakness of France and Great Britain. No doubt the French, adequately prepared, fired by a more galvanizing vision, would have stood up to Hitler, rather than capitulate; indeed, would have stood up to Hitler before it became necessary to capitulate. The disease of the Thirties afflicts us yet again, Solzhenitsyn is saying. And all the more strongly because the moment we seek to resist the trend, we are made, by such as the editors of *Time* magazine, to taste atomic cinders in our mouths.

Solzhenitsyn does not believe one should refuse to communicate with the USSR, as it is being suggested. He believes that these communications ought not to encourage the Soviet Union in its growing obsession to dominate the world, and obliterate dissent.

Time says of Solzhenitsyn that "as a prophet he has a vision so simple, single-minded, and absolute that it cannot cope with a real and complex world." People who have less simple, less single-minded, less absolute visions have done very poorly in coping with a real and complex world. A generation ago the Soviet Union was a threat only to its own citizens. Now it is master in Angola, and petrifier of the thought and vision of the worldly editors of the most cosmopolitan magazine in the world.

Solzhenitsyn's vision is as simple as Cato's; as naïve as Churchill's. The great effect of his words is that, on listening to them, those of the Lowenthals fade instantly from memory. □

SO SONNENFELDT IS JEWISH?

New York, April 20—A few weeks ago, Senator Humphrey said that people who were campaigning "against Washington" were "racists." Senator Humphrey has the signal advantage, when he speaks flamboyantly, of arousing very little notice. He has been doing this sort of thing for thirty years, and one listens to him, when he speaks, less carefully than, say, to Delphos. Moreover, one knows that when he says things like that, he really doesn't mean a word of it. It is a part of the polemical ritual of running for President while pretending not to run for President.

All this lunacy one comes, if not fully to accept, at least to understand. In search of power, the graces of precision in thought are acts of indulgence. I doubt that there are six people in the United States who believe that there was anything "racist" in Jimmy Carter's statement about neighborhood homogeneity: but the politicians have got everybody talking about it as if Jimmy Carter had inadvertently revealed his solidarity with the Ku Klux Klan.

But what are we going to do with the monitors of these extravagances? How are we expected to treat those whose profession requires a thought to the making of distinctions? Please read the following passage with the most intense care. It is a passage from the broadcast delivered by Ronald Reagan on March 31, and it came right after his criticisms of Henry Kissinger for saying, allegedly, that the United States is playing Athens to Russia's Sparta.

> Now we learn that another high official of the State Department, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, whom Dr. Kissinger refers to as his "Kissinger," has expressed the belief that in fact the captive nations should give up any claim of national

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sovereignty and simply become part of the Soviet Union. He says, "Their desire to break out of the Soviet straitjacket" threatens us with World War III. In other words, slaves should accept their fate.

What do you read into that statement? Reagan is charging Kissinger's principal lieutenant with counseling against any disturbance of the status quo; against a destabilization that might bring the Soviet Union to find an excuse for military adventure. Reagan is saying that the State Department, through an agent of the Secretary of State, is encouraging a policy which effectively abandons hope for the liberation of the captive nations.

Now that is quite a lot to say, and whether Mr. Reagan was correct in saying it is correctly the subject for discussion, as is the question whether Sonnenfeldt-Kissinger, if that is their line, should be criticized for taking it. But listen now to the columnist Joseph Kraft, a non-stop liberal think-tank, a gentleman of affable disposition, who can hardly reprove us for weighing his words heavily, since that is what he manifestly wants us to do; always.

"As the going got tough [Kraft, in his syndicated column, is discussing Reagan's speech] Reagan's tones grew shrill. He focused his charges on Kissinger and—in a voluminous detail that, to my perhaps oversensitive nostrils, brings the pungent whiff of anti-semitism—on one of Dr. Kissinger's associates, Helmut Sonnenfeldt."

The gentleman is so distraught, he writes like George Wallace, if Wallace could write. If a smell is *pungent*, you do not need oversensitive nostrils to detect it. Inasmuch as there didn't happen to be any racist smell, pungent or non-pungent, the problem is with Mr. Kraft's nostrils, not with Ronald Reagan's rhetoric. If one's nostrils are oversensitive, one should blow them in private, not in public.

ONE MUST suppose that Mr. Kraft assumes that everyone knows that Mr. Sonnenfeldt is Jewish. Well, I for one did not, could not care less, and, in fact, wrote to defend his nomination a year or so ago when it ran into trouble in conservative quarters of Congress for reasons that had nothing to do with antisemitism. It is true, or so research into the matter indicates, that Mr. Sonnenfeldt has become starstruck by detente. The notion that anyone, in criticizing that phenomenon, should be moved by antisemitic motives is both unbalanced and—inadvertently, in the case of Mr. Kraft, I have no doubt—malicious.

"Organic [relationship]"—said another commentator, denouncing Sonnenfeldt's controversial address to the American ambassadors, "is a flabby word which can mean fundamental, constitutional, or organizational; whatever was actually meant by Mr. Sonnenfeldt, the latest mini-Metternich of Foggy Bottom, the idea sent shivers up the spines of several of his distinguished auditors." That analysis was published in the *New York Times* four days before Reagan's speech, and these sensitive nostrils detected not a trace of antisemitism in the analysis of Mr. C. L. Sulzberger. □

THE NATIONAL NEWS COUNCIL

New York, April 28—The other day I came upon a young professor at a major university whose doctorate is in political science, a scholar of learning and conscience who actually said: "I wonder why Henry Kissinger doesn't sue Woodward & Bernstein for libel?" Several students in the room appeared to agree that Mr. Kissinger's failure to take legal action, while in no way probatory as to his guilt, substantially vitiated his claims to having been misrepresented in the new Nixon book, in which he is alleged to have said all kinds of spiteful things about his former boss. It was the opinion of the professor that the Supreme Court had recently retreated sufficiently from its stand discouraging public officials from libel suits to render suspect Mr. Kissinger's inaction.

To put the matter briefly, the professor is dead wrong. It is interesting that the rationale of *Sullivan* v. *New York Times*, in 1964, attempted to be entirely practical. That is, the Court took the position it took—requiring proof of "actual malice" before a public official could collect—on the grounds that it sought to encourage "robust" and "wide-open" discussion. As a practical matter, Henry Kissinger could not bring a successful lawsuit against Woodward & Bernstein if they had accused him of seducing Tricia. For one thing, under federal rules of procedure there is virtually no limitation of the avenues of inquiry open to a defendant's lawyer in the pre-trial deposition. "Tell me, Dr. Kissinger, didn't you seek to ingratiate yourself with Tricia while you were maneuvering for the position of Secretary of State in her father's government?"—that kind of thing, and a lot worse, is permitted: and it takes someone far-gone in academic isolation to believe that an acting Secretary of State can sue anybody for anything.

Which brings me to the National News Council (NNC). Here is a truly imaginative response by the private sector to the thirst for at least platonic justice, in an age when the libel suit is becoming an increasingly anachronized instrument. Henry Kissinger, assuming he could sue Woodward & Bernstein, wouldn't care about damages. He would be jubilant to win back the cost of litigation. The National News Council was organized with a single end in mind: to listen to complaints against the national media, to listen to defenses by those against whom the complaints are lodged, and to render a verdict. Of what force is that verdict? Of no judicial force whatsoever. It is this aspect of the matter which, in my judgment, renders the National News Council so very exciting. It is dedicated to the proposition that the truth is not necessarily a justiciable question which you can arrive at only after spending tens of thousands of dollars in court. The quest for the truth, the founders believe, is worth while pursuing for so long as people care. So, with a grant from the Twentieth Century Fund, they set up shop.

WHAT IS spooky is the silent treatment the NNC has received. The *New York Times* decided as a matter of policy not to cooperate with it—on the grounds, presumably, that although it was without authority to punish, the mere issuance of a verdict suggested a spiritual violation of the prohibitions of the First Amendment. In practice, the NNC has been a model of circumspection. In its brief career, 59 complaints have been brought before it. Only five of these were found to have sufficient substance to warrant censure—most recently, the plaintiff was the former governor of American Samoa, bitterly criticizing a documentary by NBC. The Council listened to expert witnesses, and concluded that the slant had gone beyond the limits of advocacy, into straight-out distortion.

Surely the attitude of the *New York Times* and of others who boycott the committee is an act of civil incivility. The public is hardly damaged by the activities of a group of citizens who, while not equipped to adjudicate quarrels between Kissinger and W & B, will sit and listen to arguments alleging injustices by national media. If the NNC is re-financed, I make this small commitment to it—reserving, naturally, the right to disagree with its conclusions. Namely, to publicize as best I can, at least once a year, its valuable work, designed to appease that desire to know the truth which distinguishes the morally alert society. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Theodore Roosevelt's church — 41 68 200 215 119 56 73 228

B. Performing a prescribed religious service — 55 213 25 44 101 112 158 160 166 195 83

C. One-time headquarters of the Latter-Day Saints — 86 16 48 155 171 184 107 219 5 30 15 65 76 115

D. A surgeon's instrument — 91 123 180 103 121 135 169 192 201 210

E. Forgetfulness — 114 124 99 78 138

F. A character in *H.M.S. Pinafore* — 159 80 113 186 129 11 178

G. A hymn at the conclusion of a service — 164 26 172 116 128 145 149 197 199 206 43

H. Orpheus' wife — 168 229 13 227 182 102 111 162

I. Maintains loyalty — 1 6 19 28 39 42 77

J. A geographical dictionary — 37 104 177 204 27 60 209 230 224

K. A unit of the United States Air Force — 187 46 98 179 193 167 217 220 82 89 93

L. To the chief musician upon ———. —*Psalm 5* — 108 175 61 140 148 85 105 161

M. An obstetrician — 126 2 23 47 58 117 157 134 144 202

N. A panacea — 191 97 59 88 110 67 84 125 130 33

O. A breed of dog — 10 14 29 38 54 74 81 62

P. A regular or orthodox medical practitioner (17th century) — 208 150 95 153 69 34 142 7 132

Q. Pertaining to old men who have the globe of the eye so *flat that the produced* visual rays pass the retina before they unite — 63 9 52 174 146 207 226 100 214 75

R. A condition of motor restlessness — 154 173 35 211 133 163 17 225 189

S. To maltreat — 176 185 165 118 40 147

T. An eelpout — 141 190 50 70 156 136

U. An island dependency of New Zealand — 181 120 127 53

V. Caused by any of various nonmotile gram-positive spherical bacteria that occur singly, in pairs of tetrads, or in irregular clusters and include *parasites* of skin and mucous membranes — 183 188 24 66 72 122 139 194 203 212 216 222 4 90

W. These should be used to take up the collection when only folding money is wanted — 96 218 8 32 51 205 22 31 196 64 152

X. Attempts — 198 151 131 20 137 71 49

Y. Where Sherlock Holmes sometimes boarded the train — 221 223 231 170 21 92

Z. Name of former Belgian and French colonies in Africa — 18 94 36 45 143

a. An epistle to certain Christians — 3 12 57 79 106 87 109

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 520 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 I		2 M	3 a	4 V	5 C	6 I	7 P		8 W	9 Q	10 O	11 F	12 a	13 H		14 O
15 C		16 C		17 R	18 Z	19 I	20 X	21 Y	22 W		23 M	24 V	25 B	26 G	27 J	28 I	29 O	30 C	31 W
	32 W	33 N	34 P	35 R	36 Z	37 J	38 O	39 I	40 S		41 A	42 I	43 G	44 B	45 Z	46 K	47 M	48 C	49 X
	50 T	51 W	52 Q	53 U	54 O	55 B	56 A		57 a	58 M	59 N		60 J	61 L	62 O		63 Q	64 W	65 C
66 V	67 N	68 A		69 P	70 T		71 X	72 V	73 A		74 O	75 Q	76 C	77 I	78 E		79 a	80 F	81 O
82 K	83 B	84 N	85 L	86 C		87 a	88 N	89 K		90 V	91 D	92 Y	93 K	94 Z	95 P		96 W	97 N	98 K
99 E	100Q	101B	102H	103D	104J	105L	106a		107C	108L		109a	110N	111N	112B	113F	114E		115C
116G	117M	118S	119A	120U	121D	122V		123D	124E	125N	126M	127U	128G	129F		130N	131X		132P
133R	134M	135D	136T		137X	138E	139V	140L	141T	142P	143Z	144M	145G		146Q	147S	148L	149G	150P
151X	152W		153P	154R	155C	156T		157M	158B	159F		160B	161L	162H	163R	164G		165S	166B
167K	168H	169D	170Y	171C	172G	173R		174Q	175L	176S	177J	178F	179K		180D	181U	182H		183V
184C	185S	186F		187K	188V		189R	190T	191N	192D	193K	194V	195B		196W	197G		198X	199G
200A	201D	202M	203V	204J		205W	206G	207Q	208P	209J	210D	211R		212V	213B		214Q	215A	216V
217K	218W	219C		220K	221Y	222V	223Y	224J	225R	226Q	227H		228A	229H	230J	231Y			

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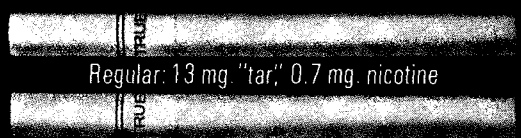
U.S. Gov't. tests* show True 100's lowest in tar of all these 100's.

(Compare yours with True)



Regular: 13 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine

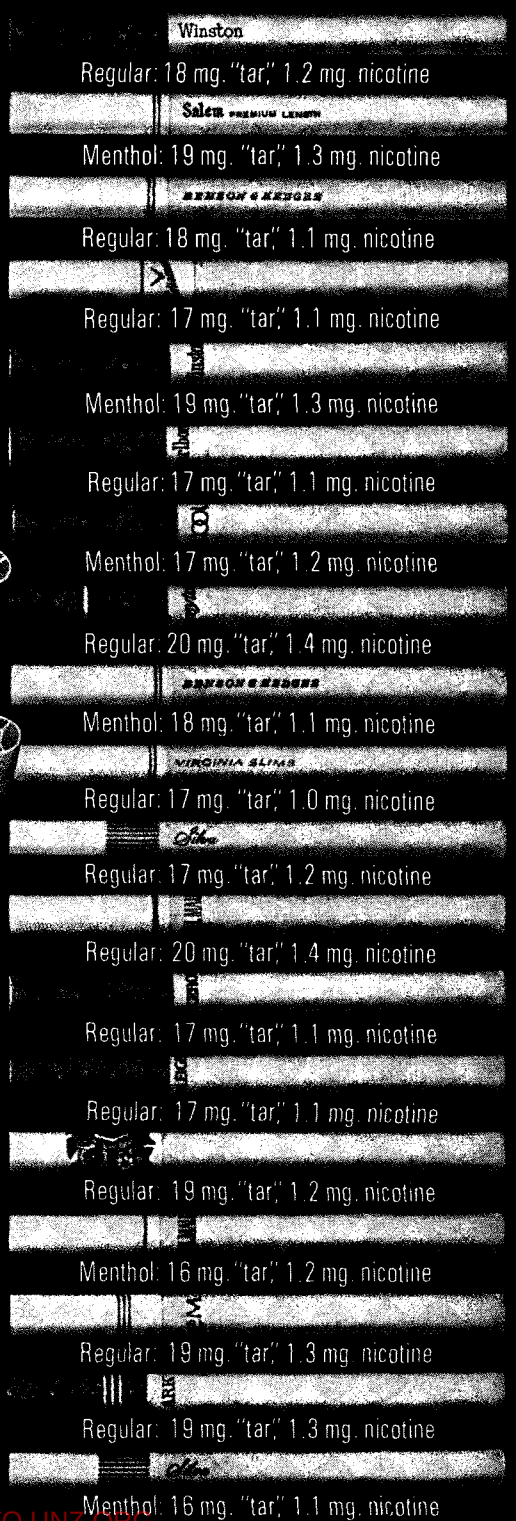
Menthol: 13 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine

Tests for tar and nicotine by U.S. Gov't. prove it. True 100mm is lowest in both tar and nicotine of all these leading 100mm cigarettes.

*SOURCE: FTC Report November 1975

Of all domestic brands, lowest yield:

2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine; 70 mm length. TRUE 100's Regular and 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.


Winston
Regular: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
Salem
Menthol: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
Regular: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
Menthol: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
Menthol: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
Regular: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
VIRGINIA SLIMS
Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine
Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
Regular: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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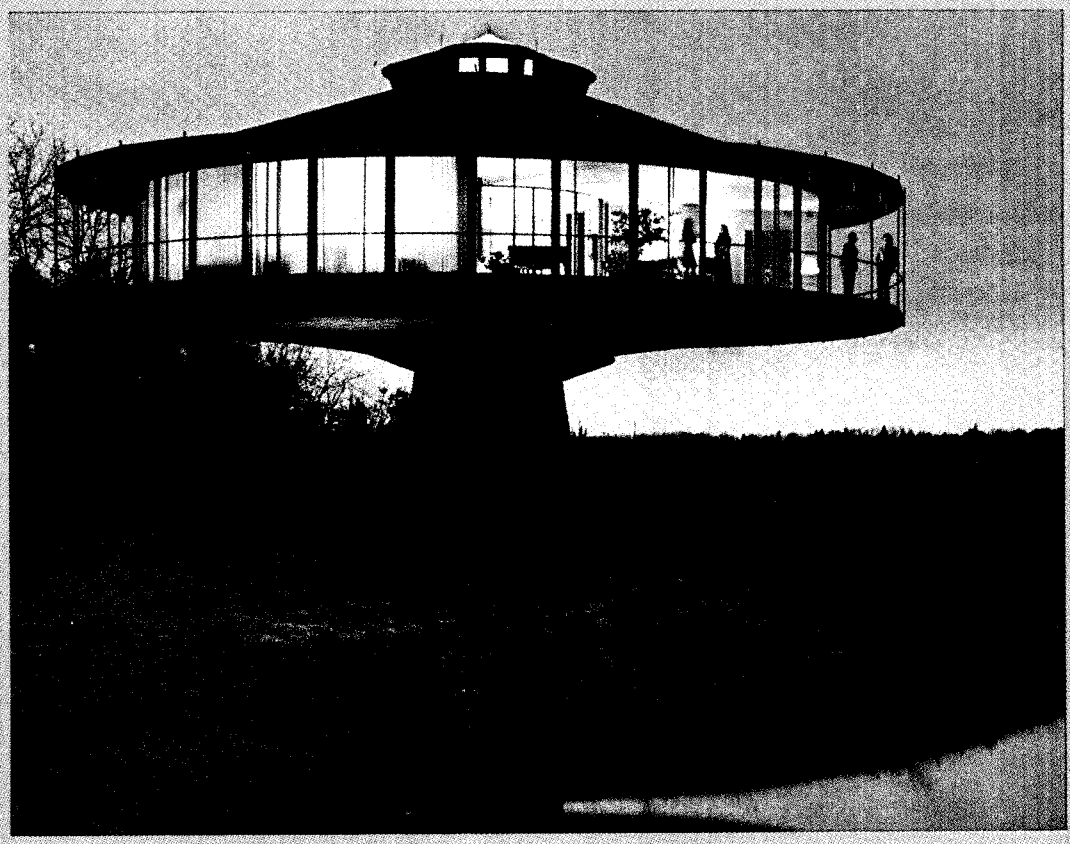
*"Pine forests, rolling hills,
lakes and a house that rotates
to take it all in...
What more could you ask for?"*

"Old Grand-Dad."



Head of the Bourbon Family.

Old Grand-Dad

When you ask a lot more from life.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

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